

THE
QUEENE

OF
ARRAGON

Tragi-Comedie



LONDON

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THE



The Actors Names.

The Queene of Arragon.

Decastro Generall of the Forces of Arragon in love with the Queene.

Offuna Friend to Decastro.

Florentio Generall of the Forces of Castile enamor'd on the Queene.

Velasco a great Commander under Florentio.

Ascanio, the King of Castile disguisd.

Lerna a Noble man Privie to his disguise.

Oniate a sober Courtier.

Sanmartino, a halfe witted Lord.

Browfilldora, Dwarfie to Sanmartino.

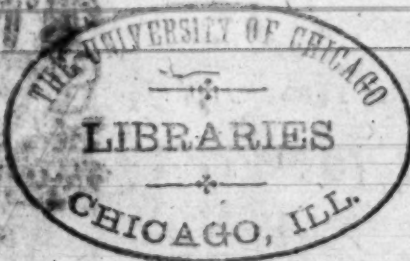
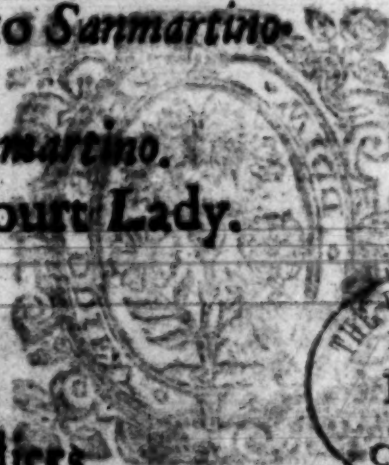
Floriana, wife to Sanmartino.

Eleantha, a wittie Court Lady.

Captaine.

Servants.

Severall Souldiers.




LONDON



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Eng.



The Prologue at Court

Had not obedience ov'r rul'd the Authors feare
 And Judgement too, this humble peece had nere
 Approacht so high a Majestie, not writ
 By the exact and subtile rules of wit;
 Ambitious for the splendor of this night
 But fashion'd up in hast for his owne delight
 This, by my Lord, with as much zeale as ere
 Warm'd the most loyall heart, is offered here
 To make this night your pleasure, although we
 Who are the Actors, feare it will rather be
 Your patience: and if any mirth we may
 Sadly suspect, it will rise quite the wrong way
 But you have mercy sir, and from your eye
 Bright Madam, never yet did lightning flye,
 But vitall beames of favour such as give
 A growth to all, who can deserve to live.
 Why should the Author tremble then, or we
 Distresse our hopes, and such ornaments be
 Of our owne thoughts, since in those happy times
 We live, when mercie's greater than the crimes

The Prologue at the Fryers.

HERE we begin, that no man may repent, nor iniment of his
Two shillings and his time; the Author sent
The Prologue, with the errors of his Play, which has been
That who will, may take his money and away. And first for the Plot, it's not
First for the Plot, it's not so intricate, nor so high in state,
By crosse deceits in love, nor so high in state, that we might have given out in our Play-bill,
That we might have given out in our Play-bill, This day's the Prince writ by Nick Machivill.
The Language too is easie, such as fell
Unstudied from his pen, not like a spell
Bigge with misterious words, such as inchant
The halfe witted, and confound the ignorant.
Then what must needs afflict the Amorisht,
No Virgin here in breeches, casts a mist
Before her Lovers eyes; No Ladies tell
How their blood boyles; how high their veines doe swell.
But what is worse, no bawdy mirth is here;
(The wit of bottle Ale, and double Beere)
To make the wife of Citizen protest,
And Country Justice sweare, 'twas a good Jest.
Now sirs you have the errors of his wit:
Like or dislike, at your owne perills be it.

THE
QVEENE OF ARRAGON.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Sanmartino and Cleantha.

Clean.



Y Lord, lets change the subject: Love is worne
So thred-bare out of fashion, and my faith
So little leanes to vowes.

San. The rage of time,
Or sicknesse, first must ruine that bright Fabrique,

Nature tooke prideto build.

Clean. I thanke my youth then
Forth' tender of your service: Tis the last
Good turne it did me, But by this my feares
Instruēt me, when the old bald man cal'd Time
Comes stealing on me, and shall steale away
What you call beauty: my neglected face
Must be inforc't to goe in quest for a new
Knight Errant.

San. Slander not my constant faith,
Nor doubt the care fate hath to stoppe the Morion
Of envious Time, might it indanger so
Supream a beautie.

Clean. Sure my Lord fate hath
More serious businesse, or Divines make bold
T' instruct us in a scisme. But grant I could
Induce my selfe, (which I despaire I shall)
To heare and talke that emptie nothing Love
Ist now in season, when an Armie lyes
Before our Citie gates, and every houre
A battery expected? Deere my Lord

B

Lets

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Let's seale our testament, and prepare for heaven :
And as I am inform'd by them, who seeme
To know some part oth' way, Loves not the neereſt
Path that leades thither.

San. Madam! he is but
A Coward Lover, whom or death or hell
Can fright from's Miſtris. And for danger now
Threatning the Citie; How can I ſo arme
My ſelfe, as by your favour, prooſe againſt
All ſtratagems of warre.

Clean. Your Lordſhip then
Shall walke as ſafe, as if a Lapland witch

(You will not envie me the honour of
The metaphor) prefer'd you ſhot-free. But
Who is your Confellor? Yet ſpare his name :

His function will forgive the glory of it.

Sure he's ill read in Caſes to allow

A married Lord the freedome of this Courtſhip;

San. Can you thinke Madam that I truſt my ſinnes

(But vertues are thoſe loves I pay your beauty)

Toth' counsell of a Caſlock? Who hath art

To judge of my confeſſion; muſt have had

At leaſt a Privie Chamberer to his Father.

We of the Court commit not as the vulgar,

Dull ignorant ſinnes. Then that I'm married Madam

Is rather ſafety to our Love.

Clean. My heart!

How ſicke am I oth' ſudden! Good my Lord

Call your dwarfe hither.

San. Garaganta! Boy

Enter Brownſilldora.

Clean. Preethee, thy pedegree.

San. Madam! What meane you?

Clean. O any thing, but to divert from Love.

Another word of Courtſhip, and I ſwound.

Garag. My Anceſtors were Giants Madam. Giants

Pure Spaniſh, who diſdain'd to mingle with

The blood of Goth or Moore. Their mighty actions

In a ſmall letter Nature Printed on

Your little Servant.

Clean. How ſo very little?

Gar. By the decay of Time, and being forc't

From fertile paſtures to the barren hills

Of Biſkay. Even in trees you may obſerve

The Queene of ARRAGON.

The wonder, which transplanted to a soile
Lesse happie, lose in growth. Is not the once
Huge body of the *Roman* Empire, now
A very Pigmie?

Clean. But why change you not
That so Gigantick name of *Brumfildora*.

Gar. Spight of malignant Nature, Ile preserve
The memory of my forefathers: They shall live
In me contracted.

San. Madam! lets returne
To th' love we last discourst on.

Clean. This my Lord
Is much more serious. What course thing is that?

Enter Oniate and Floriana.

Flor. I owe you sir, for th' pleasure of this walke.

Oniate. Madam it was to me the highest honour. *Exit Oniate.*

Clean. Welcome & welcome to redeeme me. What
Can the best wit of woman fancie, we
Have beene discourfing of?

Floria. Sure not of love?

Clean. Of that most ridiculous hobby horse Love.
That foole that fooles the world. That Spaniell Love
That fawnes the more tis kickt.

San. Will you betray me?

Clean. Thy Lord hath so protested *Floriana*.
Vowed such an Altar to my beutie, I swore
So many oathes, and such prophane oathes too;
To be religious in performing all
That's impious toward heaven, and to a Ladie
Most ruinous.

Floria. Good *Cleantha*: all your detraction
Winnes no beleefe on my suspition.

Clean. Be credulous and be abused. *Floriana*!
There's no vice so great as to thinke him vertuous.
Goe mount your milke-white steede in *Lancelos*
Your little squire attends you there. In suburbs
Inchanted Castles are where Ladies waite
To be deliver'd by your mighty hand,
Goe and protest there.

San. I thanke your favour Madam. *Exit San.*

Clea. It is not so much worth sir, come wee cle follow.

Flor. But stay *Cleantha*. Prethee what begot
That squeamish looke, that scornfull wry oth' mouth
When *Oniate* parted?

The Queens of ARRAGON.

Clean. Why? Thou hadst
So strange a fellow in thy Company.
His Garbe was so uncourtly, I grew sicke.

Flor. He is a Gentleman: and adde to that
Makes good the Title.

Clean. Haply he may so
And haply he's enamor'd on thy beautie.

Flo. On mine *Cleantha*?

Clean. Yes deere *Floriana*.

Yet neither danger to thy chastitie,
Nor blemish to thy fame. Custome approves it.

But I owe little to my memory,
If ere I saw him 'mong the greater Ladies:

Sure he's some suburbe Courtier.

Flori. He's Noble:
And hath a soule. A thing is questiond much

In most of the gay youths, whom you converse with.

Clean. But how disorderly his haire did hang?

Flor. Yet 'twas his owne.

Clean. How ill turn'd up his beard?
And for his cloathes.

Florian. Though not fresh every morning,
Yet in the fashion.

Clean. Yes ith' sober fashion:
Which Courtiers weare who hope to be imploy'd

And aime at businesse. But he's not gentile:

Not discomposed enough to Court a Ladie.

Flor. His thoughts are much more serious.

Clean. Guard me Fortune!
I would not have the Court take notice that

I walked one houre with that state Aphorisme,

Each Autumne to renew my youth. Let us

Discourse with Lords whose heads and legges move more

Than doe their tongues, and to as good a sence,

Who snatching from my hand a Glove can sigh

And print a kisse, and then returne it backe.

Who on my buske, even with a pin can write

The Anagramme of my Name: Present it humbly

Fall backe and smile.

Flor. *Cleantha*! I perceive

There is small hope of thy conversion.

Thou art resolv'd to live in this heresie.

Clean. Yes: since the Religion of our Sex

Sweete *Floriana*, I will not yet suffer

The Queene of Arragon

For unregarded truth Court persecution.

Enter Offuna and Oniate with divers Souldiers.

But what are they appeare there?

Flor. Wee'le away.

Exeunt Floria and Cleantha.

Offuna. This is the place for enterview. You who 'ar

Deputed for this service from the Lord

Florentio, use such caution as befits

Your charge. How ere your Generalls persons safe!

The Lord *Decastro* having past his word!

Oniate. Yet tis my wonder, that *Florentio*

A Souldier so exact, practis'd in all

The mysteries of warre and peace, should trust

Himself where th' enemies faith must best secure him

Offun. The great *Decastro* sir, whom our late King

Deputed regent at his death, and whom

The Kingdome judgeth fit to marry with

His onely heire the present Queene (though she

Disdaine his love and our desires) hath proved

To time and fortune, that he feares no danger

But what may wound his honour. How can then

Florentio (though he now set downe before

Our Citie with so vast an Army) choose

A place for enterview, by Art and Nature

So fortified; as where *Decastro's* faith

Makes it impregnable?

Oniate. Distrust my Lord,

Is the best Counceler to great designs:

Our confidence betrayes us. But betweene

These two are other seeds of Jealousie:

Such as would almost force Religion breake

Her tying vowes, authorize perjurie,

And make the scrupulous *Casnist* say, that faith

Is the fooles vertue. They both love the Queene,

Decastro building on his high deserts,

And vote of *Arragon*: *Florentio* on

The favour he gain'd from her Majestie

When here he lived employ'd by his great Master

King of *Castile*.

Offuna. Such politicke respects

May warrant the bad statesman to darke actions.

But both these Generalls by a Noble warre,

Resolve to try their fate.

Oniate. But here my Lord

Enter

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Enter Sanmartino.

Is a full period to all serious thought:
This Lord is so impertinent, yet still
Vpon the whisper.

Offuna. He's a mischiefe Sir,
No Court is safe from.

Oniate. What fine trickes he shoves
Each morning on his gennet, but to gaine
A female Vision from some halfe-open'd window,
And if a Lady smile by accident
Or but in scorne of him; yet he kinde soule
Interprets it as Prophecie to some
Neere favour to ensue at night.

Offuna. I wonder
What makes him thought a Wit.

Oniate. A copper wit,
Which fooles let passe for currant. So false coine
Such very Alchimie, that who vents him
For ought but parcellasse, may be in danger:
Looke on him, and in little there see drawne
The picture of the youth is so admired,
Of the spruce Sirs: whom Ladies and their women
Call the fine Gentlemen.

Offuna. What are those papers,
With such a sober brow, he lookes upon?

Oniate. Nor platforme, nor intelligence, but a Prologue;
He comes to whisper to one of the Maids
Jth' Privie chamber after supper.

Offuna. I praise the courage of his folly yet,
Whom feare cannot make wiser.

San. My good Lord!

Brave *Oniate*! Saw you not the Generall?

Onia. He's upon entrance here. And how my Lord?
I saw your Lordship turning over papers,
Whats the discovery?

San. It may import

Decastro's knowledge. Never better language
Or neater wit. A paper of such verses
Writ by th' exactest hand.

Offuna. In time of businesse
As serious as our safety, to intrude
The dreames of madmen?

San. My Judicious Lord!

The Queene of Arraigoon.

It with the favour of your Lordship may
Concern the Generall. Such high rapure,
In admiration of the Queene, whom he
Pretends to Love. How will her Majesty
Smile on his sute, when in the heate of business
He not neglects this amorous way to woo her.

Enter Decastro.

Decast. No man presumet advance a foot. My Lord
Offuna I desire your care.

San. My Lord
I have a peece here of such elegant wit.

Decast. Your pardon good my Lord, we'le finde an houre
Lesse serious to advise upon your papers,
And then at large we'le whisper.

San. As you please
My Lord youle pardon the error of my dutie.

Offun. The Queene my Lord gave free access to what
I spoke oth' publicke, but when I began
To mention love.

Decast. How did she frowne? Or with
What murdering scorne, heard the *Decastro* named
Love! of thy laberinth of Art, what path
Left I untroden? Humbly I have labor'd
To win her favour: and when that prevail'd not,
The Kingdome, in my quarrell, vowed to emptie
The veines of their great body.

Offuna. Sir her heart
Is mightier than misfortune. Though her youth
Soft as some consecrated virgin ware,
Seeme easie for impression: Yet her vertue
Hard as a rocke of Diamond, breakes all
The battery of the waves.

Decastro. Unkind and cruell!
Offu. She charg'd me tell you that a faithlesse *Decastro*
Who had gain'd honour onely by the ruine
Of what we hold religious, sooner she
Would welcome to her bed; than who't his Queene
And Love had beene a Rebelle.

Decast. How? A rebelle?
The peoples suffrage, which inaugurate Princes,
Hath warranted my actions.

Offun. But she answeres
The suttle Arts of faction, not free vote
Commanded her restraint.

Decast.

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Decast. May even those *starres*
Whose influence made me great, turne their aspects
To blood and ruine; if ambition rais'd
The appetite of Love. Her beauty hath
A power more Sovereigne, than th' *Easterne slave*
Acknowledg'd ever in his *Idoll King*.
To that I bowed a subject. But when I
Discover'd that her fancie fixt upon
Florentio (Generall now of th' enemies Armie)
I let the people use their severe way:
And they restrain'd her.

Officer. But my Lord their guilt
Is made your crime. Yet all this new affliction
Disturbs her not to anger, but disdain.

Decast. She hath a glorious spirit. Yet the world
The envious world it selfe must justifie;
That howsoever Fortune yeelded up
The Scepter to my power; I did but kisse it
And offer'd it againe into her hand.

Enter Florentio, Velasco, and others.

Oniate. My Lord, the Generall of *Castile, Florentio.*

Decast. He's safely welcome. Now let each man keepe
At a due distance. I have here attended
Your Lordships presence.

Floren. O my Lord! as we
Whom Love obleigeth to the same alleigance,
Brought hither on these termes?

Decast. Th' are termes of honour.
And I yet never knew to frame excuse,
Where that begot the quarrell.

Floren. Yet me thinkes
We might have found another way to it.
We might have sought out danger, where the proud
Insulting *Moore*, profaines our holy places.
The noise of Warre had bene no trouble then,
But now too much 'twill fright the gentle care
Of her we both are vowed to serve.

Decastro. That Love
Which armes us both, beares witnesse, that I had
Much rather have encountered lightning; than
Create the least distraction to her peace.
But since the vote of *Arragon* decrees
That my long Service hath the justest claime
To challenge her regard; Thus I must stand

Arm'd

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Arm'd to make good the title.

This vaine language

Scarce moves my pittie. What desert can rise

So high to merit her? Were each short moment

Oth' longest lived Commander lengthen'd to

An age, and that exposed to dangers mighty

As Cowards framethem; can you thinke his service

Might challenge her regard? Like th' heavenly bounty

She may distribute favour: But 'tis sinne

To say our merits may pretend a title.

Decastro. You talke Sir like a Courtier.

Floren. But my Lord

You'll find a souldier in this Arme: which strengthen'd

By such a cause, may leuell mountaines high

As those the Giants (emblems of your thoughts)

Piled up to have scaled heaven.

Decastro. That must be

Decided by the sword. And if my Lord

Our enterview hath no more sober end,

Than a dispute so froward; Let us make

The trumpet drowne the noise.

Floren. You shall not want

That Musique. But before we yeelded up

Our reason unto fury; I desired

We might expostulate the ground of this

So fatall warre: and bring you to that low

Obedience Nature placed you in.

Decast. My care

Attends you.

Floren. Where is then that humble zeale

You owe a Mistresse; if you can throw off

That duty which you owe her as your Queene?

What iustice (that faire rule of humane actions)

Can you pretend for taking Armes?

Decastro. Pray forward.

Floren. Ile not denie (for from an enemy

Ile not detract) during her nonage, when

The publicke choyce, and her great fathers will,

Enthron'd you in the government; you manag'd

Affaires with prudence equall to the fame

You gain'd: And when your sword did fight her quarrell,

Twas crown'd with victory.

Decast. I thanke your memory.

Floren. But hence ambition and ingratitude

C

Drew

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Drew onely venome. For by these great Actions,
You labor'd not t'advance her state or honour;
But subtrly wrought upon the peoples love:
A love begot by errour, following still
Apparencie not truth.

Decast. You conster fairely.

Floren. The sunne is not more visible, when not
One cloud wrinkles the brow of heaven. For
On that false strength you had ith' multitude,
You swel'd to insolence: dared court your Queene:
Boasting your merit; like some wanton Tyrant
Ith' vanitie of a new conquest. And
When you perceiv'd her judgement did instruct her
To frowne on the attempt, profainely 'gainst
All Lawes of Love and Majestie, you made
The people in your quarrell seize upon
The Sacred person of the fairest Queene,
Story ere boasted.

Decast. Have you done my Lord?

Floren. Not yet. This injurie provok'd my master
To raise these mighty Forces for her rescue:
And named me Generall, whose ayme is not
A vaine ambition, but t'advance her service
Ere we begin to punish, take this offer:
Restore the Queene to liberty, with each
Due circumstance that such a Majestie
May challenge, freely to make choyce of whom
She shall advance to th' honour of her bed.
If your deserts beare that high rate you mention;
Why should you doubt your fortune? On these termes
The King, King of *Castile* may be induced
To pardon th' errour of your ruine.

Decast. Thus
In short my answer. How unlimited
So ere my power hath beene, my reason and
My love hath circumscrib'd it. True, the Queene
Stands now restrain'd: But tis by the decree
Of the whole Kingdome, least her errour should
Perswade her to some man lesse worthy.

Floren. How?

Decast. Lesse worthy than my selfe. For so they judge
The proudest subject to a Forraigne Prince.
But when you mention love, where are your blushes?
What can you answer for the practising

The Queene of ARRAGON.

The Queenes affection, when Embassador
You lay here from *Castile*; pretending onely
Affaires importing both the Kingdomes? Nor
Can you my Lord be taxt by your discretion,
That by the humblest Arts of Love, you labour
To win so bright a beauty, and a Queene
So potent. Your affection lookes not here,
Without an eye upon your profit.

Floren. Witnesse Love.

Decast. No protestation. If you will withdraw
Your Forces from our Kingdome, and permit
Us to our Lawes and Government; That peace
Which hath continued many ages Sacred,
Stands firme betweene us. But if not.

Floren. To Arme.

Decast. Pray stay my Lord. Doth not your Lordship see
Th' advantage I have in the place: with how
Much ease I may secure my fortune from
The greatest danger of your Forces?

Flo. Ha!

Twas inconsiderate in me. But I trusted
To th' honour of your word, which youle not violate.

Decast. Goe safely off my Lord. And now be dumbe;
All talke of peace: Wee'l parley in the drumme.

Exeunt severall wayes, the Drumme beating.



Actus Secundi. Scena Prima.

Enter Sanmartino, Captaine, Souldier, and Garaganta.

Captain. Come on you *Ailasses* of *Arragon*:
You by whose powers the *Castilian* cloud
Was forc't to vanish. We have ferk'd *Florentio*,
In the right Arme: made the enamor'd *Donna*
Retire to dolefull Tent.

Sanmar. We fallyed bravely.

Cap. Thou didst ith' fally fight like lightning *Conde*,
Let th' ayre play with thy plume, most puissant *Peere*,
No *Conde Sanmartino* now; but *Conde*
S. George, that *Cappadocian* man at Armes,
Thou hast done wonders, wonders big with story,

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Fit to be sung in loftie Epick straine:
For writing which the Poet shall behold,
That which creates a Conde, gold. Gold which
Shall make him wanton with some suburbe Muse,
And Hypocrene flow with Canary billow.
Th'art high in feate of Arme.

San. Captaine I thinke
I did my part.

Captain. Base is the wight that thinkes,
Let Condes small in spirit drinke harsh sherry,
Then quarrel with promoting knights, and fine for't
Thou art in mettall mighty, tough as steele
As Bilboe or Toledo steele. Fight on.
Let Acres sincke, and bancke of money melt,
For sake thy Ladies lappe, and sleepe with us
Upon the bed of honour, the chill earth.
Tis that will make thee held a potent Peere,
Mong men oth' Pike, of buffe, and bandeliere.

San. Thou speakest brave language Captaine,

Captain. Ile maintaine
Tis *Arragonian*, Conde.

Garagan. Captaine Cedar,
Though in thy language lofty, give a shrub
Leave to salute thee. Sure we two are neere
In blood and great attempt. *Don Hercules*
Was as I read in *Chaldean* Chronicle,
Our common Ancestor. *Don Hercules*
Who rifled *Nymph* on top of *Apennine*.

Captain. Small Imp avant.

Garagan. Stout sturdie Oke, that growes
So high in field of *Mars*, o let no rempest
Stake thee from hence. And now I have with labour
Attain'd thy language, Ile thy truchman be,
Interpret for thee to those smaller soules,
Who wonder when they understand not. *Soules!*
Whom Courtiers gaudie outside captives,
And plume of Coronell.

Captain. I must expire.

Not talke to fish. Seest thou that man of match
Though small in stature, mighty he's in soule,
And rich in gifts of mind, though poore in robes:
Reward like *Phillips* here his daring arme,
Which fetcht thee off from danger. Once againe
Most doughty *Don* adieu.

Garagan.

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Garagan. Great *Don Saltpeter*,
I am the servant of thy famed caliver.

San. These are strong lines. Now friend! Art thou oth' garison?

Soul. If't please your Lordship.

San. It doth not please me,
It is indifferent. I care not what thou art.
Art thou extreemely poore?

Soul. If't please your Lordship.

San. No not that neither. Why should I maligne
So far thy fortune, as to wish thee poore?
Twere safer for my purse, if thou wert rich:
Then all reward were base.

Soul. If't please your Lordship.

San. O no more Prologue. Prethee the first Scene,
To th' businesse man.

Soul. Then I must tell your Lordship.
I scorne that wealth makes you thus wanton, and
That wit which fooles you. Did the royall favour
Shine but on you, without enlarging warmth
To any other, I in this torne outside
Should laugh at you, if insolent.

San. This is faucie.

Soul. I tell thee petulant Lord, Ile cut thy throa te
Unlesse thou learne more honour.

San. What shall I doe?

Enter Floriana, and Cleantha.

But see *Cleantha*. Not to be made Grande,
VVould I she should discover me in parley
VVith such course cloathes. There fellow take that gold,
And let me see thy face no more. Away.

Throwes backe the money,

Soul. There tis agen. I will not owe one houre
Of mirth to such a bounty. I can starve
At easier rate, than live beholding to
The boast of any giver. Lord! I scorne
Thee and that gold which first created thee.

Exit. Soul.

Flor. That Souldier seem'd to carry anger in
His looke my Lord.

San. What should his anger move me?

Clean. O no my Lord: The world speaks wonders of
Your mighty puissance.

Flor. Tis my joy y'are safe.
But why adventured you into this quarrell?

Clean. The Queene will hardly thanke your valour: since

They

The Queene of ARRAGON.

They of Castile profest themselves her Souldiers.

San. The Queene must pardon courage : Men who are
Of daring Spirit, so they may but fight
Examine not the cause.

Flori. She doth expect us.

Clean. I will attend her here. For here she gives
Decastro audience. I must not loose

This Lord yet, it so neere concernes my mirth.

San. Madam ! I wonder with what confidence
You after such an injury, dare indanger
Discourse with me.

Clean. I injure you my Lord ?
Whose favour I have courted with more Zeale
Than well my Sexe can warrant ? Triumph not
Too much upon my weakenesse ; 'cause you have
Got victory ore my heart, take not delight
To make my grieve your sport.

San. Be witty still,
And keepe me for a Trophie of your pride,
I hope to see that beauty at an ebbe ;
Where will be then your over-flow of servants ?
You'll then repent your pride.

Clean. O never, never.
If you'll particularize your vowes to me ;
You who toth' title of the Courtly Lord,
Have added that of valiant. And beshrew me,
She's no good hufwife of her fame, that wants
A daring servant.

Sanmar. This perhaps may worke.

Clean. If she live single, he preserves her name
And scarce admits a whisper, that the Jealous
May conster points at her. And if she marry ;
He awes the husband, if by chance or weakenesse,
She have offended.

San. This cannot be fiction.

Clean. Then if she use but civill complement
To a Courtier Batchelor, He streight bespeakes
The Licence, and the Favours, and calls in
Some wit into his Councell for the Poise,
While I feele no temptation to such folly
But with a married Lord.

San. How gentle Madam ?

Glea. Our walkes are priviledg'd, our whispers safe,
No feare of laying contracts to my charge,

Nor

The Queene of ARAGON.

Not much of scandall. And if there be cause,
Who is so fond a Ghamster of his life,
As meerely out of spleene to stake it? But
My Lord I now suspect you conster'd ill
That language I used to your Lady, when
I told her of your love. But I presume
You were not so dull sighted as in that
Not to discern the best disguise for love.

San. What a suspicious asse was I? How captious?
I nere mistrusted my owne wit before.
Mischiefe how dull was I?

lean. Pray turne your face
Away. Now know when worth and valour are
Led on by love to win my favour. But
The Queene.

*Enter Queene Decastro, Offuna,
Floriana, &c.*

San. Divine *Cleantha*! Noblest Lady!

Decast. *Offuna* let me begge thy care. Though we
Bravely repulst the enemy: They seeme
To threaten a new assault.

Offuna. Command your servant.

Decast. Beare then a vigilant eye, and by your scouts
Learne if they any new attempt prepare.

Exit. Offuna.

May't please your Majestie, command these many
Eares from your presence.

Queen. Good my Lord! you who
Have power to guide your Queene, may make our presence
Or full or emptie as you please.

Decast. Then with
Your licence Madam they may all with draw.

Queen. Not with our licence. If your usurped greatnesse
Will banish all attendance from our person;
I must remaine alone. But not a man
Stirre hence with our good liking.

Decast. If your will
(Averse from sober councell) would submit
To safe advice.

Queen. You have instructed it
To more obediencie, than I guesse my birth
Did ere intend. But pray my Lord teach me
To know my fault and I will finde amendment
If not, repentance for it.

Decast. Then great Madam

The Queene of A R R A G O N.

I must acquaint you that the supream Law
Of Princes, is the peoples safety: Which
You have infring'd, and drawne thereby into
The inward parts of this great state a most
Contagious Feaver.

Queene. Pray no Metaphor.

Decast. You have invited warre to interrupt
With its rude noise, the musique of our peace,
A forraigne enemy gathers the fruite,
The sweate and labour of your subjects planted.
In the coole shadow of the Vine we pruin'd
He wantonly lyes downe, and roughly bids
The owner presse the grape: that with the iuyce
His blood may swell up to lascivious heates.

Queene. My Lord I answer not th' effects of war,
But I must pay *Castile* all thankfull service,
For his faire charitie.

Decast. Doe you then Madam
Reckon on mischief as a charitie?

Queene. Yes, such a mischief as is mercifull,
And I a Queene oppress'd. But how dares he
Whose duty ought with reverence obey,
And not dispute the counsell of his Princessse,
Question my actions? Whence my Lord springs this
Ill tutor'd priviledge?

Decast. From the zeale I owe
The honour of our Nation: Over which
Kings rule but at the Courtesie of Time.

Queen. You are too bold: And I must tell your pride
It swells to insolence. For were your nature
Not hoodwink'd by your interest, you would praise
The vertue of his courage, who tooke Armes
To an injured Ladies rescue.

Decast. 'Twas ambition,
Greedy to make advantage of that breach
Betweene you and your people, arm'd *Castile*;
Unpittyed else you might have wept away
The houres of your restraint.

Queen. Poore erring man!
Could thy Arts raise a tempest blacker yet
Such as would fright thy selfe. It could not for
One moment cloud the splendor of my soule.
Misfortune may benight the wicked, she
Who knowes no guilt can sinke beneath no feare:

Decast.

The Queene of ARAGON.

Decast. Your Majestie mistakes the humble aime
Of my addresse. I come not to disturbe
Th' harmonious calme your soule enjoys: May pleasure
Live there enthron'd, till you your selfe shall wooe
Death to enlarge it. May felicities
Great as th' Idæas of Philosophie
Waite still on your delight. May fate conspire
To make you rich and envied.

Queen. Pray my Lord
Explaine the riddle. By the cadence of
Your language, I could guesse you have intents
Farre gentler than your actions.

Decast. If your eare
Great Madam, would convey into your heart
The story of my love. My love, a flame.

Queen. Leave off this history of love, and flame,
And honestly confesse your feares my Lord,
Least *Castile* should correct you.

Decast. Correct me?
No Madam, I have forc't them t' a retreat.
And given my fine young Generall cause to with
He had not left his amorous attempts
On Ladies, to assault our Citie.

Queen. But he is not wounded?
Decast. Not to death perhaps,
But certainly w' have open'd him a veine,
Will cure the Feaver of his blood.

Queene. O stay!
Decast. Torment! And doth she weepe? I might have saide
Downe from some murdering precipice to dust,
And mist the mercie of one teare: though it
Would have redeem'd me backe to life agen.
Accurst be that felicitie that must
Lepend on womans passion.

Queene. Florentio!
If in my quarrell thou too suddenly
Art lost in shades of death; o let me finde
The holy vault where thy pale earth must lye,
There I will grow and wither.

Decast. This is strange!
My heart swells much too bigge to be kept in.

Queen. But if that Providence which rules the world
Hath to preserve the stocke of vertue, kept
Thee yet alive.

The Queene of ARRAGON

Decast. And what, if yet alive?
Pray recollect your reason and consider
My long and faithfull service to your crowne:
The fame of my progenitors, and that
Devotion the whole Kingdome beares me. How
Hath nature punisht me, that bringing all
The strength of argument to force your judgement,
I cannot move your love?

Queen. My Lord you plead
With so much arrogance, and tell a story
So gallant for your selfe, as if I were
Exposed a prize toth' cunningst Orator.

Decast. No Madam, humbler far than the tane slave. *kneeles.*
Tyed to the Oare, I heere throw downe my selfe
And all my victories. Dispose of me
To death, for what hath life, merits esteeme?
What tye, Alas, can I have to the Worlde
Since you disdaine my love.

Floria. Will you permit
The Generall kneele so long?

Queen. Feare not *Floriana*,
My Lord knowes how to rise, though I should strive
To hinder it.

Decast. Here statue-like Ile fix
For ever, till your pity (for your love
I must despaire) enforce a life within me.

Alarum and Enter Offina.

Offina. O my Lord!
To arme to arme, The enimie encouraged
By a strange leader, wheel'd about the towne,
And desperately surpris'd the carelesse guard.
One gate's already theirs.

Decast. Have I your licence.

Queen. To augment your owne command, and keepe me still
An humble captive.

Decast. Madam! your disdaine
Distracts me more, than all th' assaults of fortune.

Exeunt all but the Queene, Floriana, and Cleantha.

Queen. My fate! O whether dost thou leade me? Why
Is my youth destin'd to the stormes of wane?
What is my crime, you heavenly powers, that it
Must challenge blood for expiation!

Clean. Madam!

Queen. Fortune! O cruell! For which side loe re

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Is lost, I suffer : either in my people,
Or slaughter of my friends. No victory
Can now come welcome, the best chance of warre
Makes me how ere a mourner.

Cleant. Madam, you
Have lost your vertue, which so often vowed
A cleere aspect, what cloud soever darken'd
Your present glory.

Queen. I had thoughts *Cleantha* :
But they are vanisht : what shall we invent
To take off feare and trouble from this houre?
Poore Floriana. Thou art trembling now
With thought of wounds and death to which the courage
Of thy feirce husband like a headstrong jade,
May runne away with him. But cleere thy sorrowes.
If he fall in this quarrell, thou shalt have
Thy choise 'mong the *Castilian* Lords. And give
My judgement faith, there be brave men among them.

Flor. Madam, I have yowed my life to a Cloyster
Should I survive my Lord.

Queen. And thou art fearefull
Thou shalt be forc't to make thy promise good.
Alasse poore soule ! Inclosure and course dyet,
Much Disciple and early prayer, will ill
Agree with thy complection. There's *Cleantha* !
She hath a heart so wean'd from vanitie,
To her a Nunnery would be a Pallace.

Cleant. Yes, if your Majestie were Abbesse. Madam,
But Cloyster up the fine young Lords with us,
And ring us up each midnight to a Masque
In steed of Mattins; And I stand prepar'd
To be profest without probation. *Drum beats.*

Flor. Harke ! What noyse is that ?

Queen. Tis that of death and mischief.
My griefes ! but Ile dissemble them. Yet why,
Cleantha being the sole beaurious Idoll
Of all the superstitious youth at Court;
Remainst thou yet unmarried ?

Cleant. Madam I
Have many servants but not one so valiant
As dares attempt to marry me.

Queen. There's not a wit but under some feign'd name
Implores thy beauty, sleepe cannot close up
Thy eyes, but the sad world benighted is,

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Or else their sonners are Apocriphall.
And when thou wakest the Larke salutes the day,
Breaking from the bright East of thy faire eyes.
And if mong thy admirers there be some
Poore droffie braine who cannot rime thy praise,
He wooes in sorry Prose.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Halfe of the Citie
Already is posselt by th'emie,
Our souldiers flye from the Assailants, who
With moderation use their victory.
So far from drawing blood, th' abstaine from spoyle.

Queene. My comforts now grow charitable, This
Is the first dawning of some happier fortune.

Flor. Where did you leave my Lord?

Ser. Retiring hither.

Queen. And your good nature will in time Cleantha
Beleeve all flattery for truth.

Clean. In time
I shall not. But for th' present Madam give
Leave to my youth to thinke I may be pray'd,
And merit it. Hereafter when I shall
Owe Art my beauty, I shall grow perhaps
Suspicious there's small faith in Poetrie.

Que. Canst thou thinke of hereafter? Poore Cleantha
Hereafter is that time th' art bound to pray
Against. Hereafter is thatemie
That without mercie will destroy thy face,
And what's a Lady then?

Clean. A wretched thing.
A very wretched thing. So scorn'd and poore
Twill scarce deserve mans pittie. And I me sure
No Almes can ere releve it.

Queen. Floriana,
You yeeld too much to feare. Misfortune brings
Sorrow enough: Tis envie to our selves,
T'augment it by prediction.

Enter Sanmartino.

Clean. See your Lord.

San. Fly Madam fly. The Armie of Castile
Conducted by an unknowne leader, masters
The Towne. Decastro yeelding up his fate
To the prevailing enemy is fled.

Clean. And shall the Queene flye from her friends my Lord?

Sanmar.

The Queene of ARAGON.

Sanmar. You have reason Madam. I begin to finde
Which way the Gale of favour now will blow,
I will addresse to the most fortunate.

Queene. Some Musique there, my thoughts grow full of trouble,
Ile recollect them.

Clean. May it please you Madam
To heare a song presented me this morning.

Queen. Play any thing.

During the Song, Enter Ascanio, Lerma,

Sanmartino, &c.

Ascanio. Cease the uncivill murmur of the drum:
Nothing sound now but gentle, such as may not
Disturbe her quiet eare. Are you sure Lerma
Th' obedient Souldier hath put up his sword?

Lerma. The Citizen and souldier gratulate
Each other, as divided friends new meeting.
Nor is there execution done but in pursute
Of th' enemy without the walls.

Asca. Tis very well. My Lord is that your Queene?

San. It is the Queene sir.

Asca. Temper'd like the Orbs:

Which while we mortalls weary life in battell,
Move with perpetuall harmonie. No feare
Ecclipseth the bright lustre of her cheek.
While we who infants were swath'd up in Steele,
And in our cradle lull'd a sleepe by th' Cannon,
Grow pale at danger.

San. Ile acquaint her fir
That you attend here.

Ascanio. Not for a diamond
Bigge as our *Apennine*. She's heavenly faire.
And had not Nature plac't her in a throne;
Her beauty yet beares so much Majestie,
It would have forc't the World to throw it selfe,
A captive at her feete. But see, she moves!
I feele a flame within me, which doth burne
Too neere my heart: And tis the first that ever
Did scorch me there.

San. Madam here's that brave Souldier
Which reinforc't the Armie of *Castile*.
His name as yet unknowne.

Ascanio. And must be so.
Nor did I merit name before this houre,
In which I serve your Majestie, enjoy

The Queene of ARRAGON.

The fortune of my sword your liberty.
And since your Rebells subjects have denyed
Obedience, here receive it, from us strangers.

Queen. I know not fir to whom I owe the debt,
But finde how much I stand obleig'd.

Ascanio. You owe it
To your owne vertue Madam, and that care
Heaven had to keepe part of it selfe on earth
Unruin'd. When I saw the Souldier flye,
Sent hither from *Castile* to force your rescue,
Their Generall hurt almost to death. I urg'd
Them with the memory of their former deedes,
Deeds famed in War. And so far had my voyce
(Speaking your name) power to confirme their spirits
That they return'd with a brave fury, and
Yeeld you up now your owne humbled *Arragon*.

Queen. My ignorance doth still perplex me more.
And to owe thanks yet not to know to whom,
Nor how to expresse a gratitude, will cloud
The glory of your victory, and make
Me miserable however.

Ascanio. I must penance
My blood with absence, for it boyles too high. *aside*
When we have order'd your affaires, my name
Shall take an honour from your knowledge Madam.

Queen. You have corrected me. Sir we'll expect
The houre your selfe shall name, when we may serve.

Ascanio. I me conquer'd in my victory. But Ile try
A new assault: And overcome, or dye.

Exeunt.

Actus

The Queene of Arragon

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Velasco and Oniate.

Oniate. **M**Y Lord it shewes a happie Discipline
Where the obedient souldier yeelds respect
To such severe commands: Now when victory
Gives licence to disorder.

Velasco. Sir our Generall
The Lord *Florentio*, is a glorious Master
In th' art of war. And though time makes him not
Wise at th' expence of weakenesse or diseases; yet
I have beheld him by the easie motion
But of his eye, repressse sedition,
When it contem'd the frowne of Majestie
For never he, who by his Princes smile
Stood great at Court, attain'd such love and awe
With that fierce viper the repining people.

Onia. Our Kingdome owes its safety to that power.
For how dejected looked our Majestrate
When conquest gave admittance to the Souldier
But how their feares forooke them, when they saw
Your entrie with such silence:

Velasco. Sir, *castile*
Aim'd not at spoile or ruine in this warre,
But to redresse that insolence, your Queene
Did suffer under, in *Desastros* pride.

Oniate. And yet Auxiliaries oft turne their swords
To ruine, whom they come to rescue.

Velasco. The Barbarous keepe no faith in vowes. But we
We of *Castile*, though flattering advantage
Perswade to perjurie, have still observ'd
Friendship inviolate: No Nation suffering
To which we give our oath.

Oniate. You speake my Lord
Your glories Nobly. And it is our joy
Your Generalls wound but frighted us.

Velasco. The Surgeons
Affirme there is no danger, and have licenced
His visit to the Queene.

Oniate. Tis thought how ere
His Love had not obey'd such a restraint,

Though

The Queene of Arragon.

Though death had threatned him. But in his health
Consists the common safety, since those Forces
Decastro in the morning did expect,
Ere you the Towne assaulted, are discover'd
To which he fled expel'd the Citie.

Velasco. Sir,

We shall contemne and with ease break that Armie
Whose Generall we have vanquisht: having wonne
The Citie and your Queene into our power.

Enter Sanmartino.

San. Save you my Lord! Sir your most obedient!
And how likes your good Lordship the great Acts
Of the strange Cavaliere? was not his conduct
Most happie for you, in the late assault?

Velasco. He happily supplied the Office of
Our Generall: Howere your Citie had
Beene ours. For though our Spanish Forces may
At first seeme beaten, and we to retreat
A while, to animate a giddie enemy.
Yet we recover by our Art and patience
What fortune gives away. This unknowne leader
(I know not how to stile him) prest among
Our Souldiers, as they were returning back
After a small repulse: Encouraged them,
(Though it was much superfluous) and got honour,
Perhaps not so deservingly: But 'twas well.

Oniate. Your Souldier speaks his glory even with wonder.

Velasco. The ignorant are prone to it. But sir
I thinke in our whole armie there fought none,
But who had equall spirit. Fortune may
Bestow successe according to her dorage:
I answered not for that.

San. This is pure Castile.

But what is his birth, Country, qualitie,
And whether is he bound?

Velasco. I seldome trouble
My language with vaine questions. Some report
(It not imports who are the Authors) that
His Country's Sicily; his name *Ascanio*.
(Or else some sound like that) that he's a Lord:
(But what's an Island Lord?) and that he came
Into our continent to learne men and manners.
And well he might: for the All-seeing sunne
Beholds no Nation fiercer in attempt.

Though

More

The Queene of ARAGON.

More stay'd in councell.

Oniate. He's of a brave presence,
I never saw more Majestie in youth.
Nor never such bold courage in a face
So fashion'd to delight.

San. The Queene commends him
Almost with wonder.

Velasco. Did the Queene regard
A man unknowne?

Oniate. His mirrirs spoke his worth,
And well might challenge a particular eye.

San. But his, as if in that dumbe Oratory,
He hoped to talke all th' history of love,
Still fixt upon her.

Velasco. Your most humble servant. *Exit Velasco.*

Oniate. This is abrupt.

San. What most polittique flea
Is got into his Donships care?

Oniate. Now must
The Junto sit till midnight, till they racke
Some strange designe from this intelligence.

Enter Cleantha and offers to goe out.

San. Nay on my honour Madam!

Clean. Good my Lord!

San. Benight us not so soone. The short liv'd day
That gives the *Russian* in the winter hope
Of heate yet failes him; not so suddenly
Forfakes the firmament. Stay fairest Madam,
That we may looke on you and live.

Clean. My Lord
I feare you two were serious.

San. Never I
Upon my Conscience Madam.

Oniate. No Ile sweare:
Nor none of the whole forme of you at Court,
Unlesse the stratagem be for a Mistresse,
A fashion, or some cheating match at Tennice.

Clean. But happily that Gentleman had businesse,
His face betrayes my judgement, if he be
Not much in project.

San. You mistake him Madam.
Though he talke positive, and bustle mong
The Sober Lords, pretend to Embassies
And state designes all day; He's one of us

The Queen of A R R A G O N.

At night: Hee'le play, hee'le drink, you guesse the rest,
Hee'le quarrell too, then underhand compound,
Why for a need hee'le jeere and speake profane,
Court and then laugh at her he courted. Madam
Forgive him his pretence to gravitie;
And he's an absolute Cavalier.

Clean. My Lord

He owes you for this faire certificate:
Yet I feare your character's beyond his merit.

Oniate. Madam dissemble not so great a vertue,
Nor to obey the tyrannie of custome,
Become the Courts faire hypocrite. I know
This vanitie for fashion sake you weare,
And all those gayeties you seeme t' admire
Are but your laughter.

Clean. Sir your charitie
Abuseth you extreamely.

Oniate. Come you cannot
Disguise that wisdom, which doth glory in
The beautilous mansion it inhabits. Madam
This soule of mine, how course so ere tis cloath'd,
Tooke th' honor to admire you, soone as first
You shin'd at Court. Not had a timorous silence
So long denied me to professe my service,
But that I fear'd I might be lost in crowde
Of your admirers.

Clean. Nor can I perceive
Any strong hope now to the contrary.

Oniate. Nor I. But give me licencet' undeceive
The world, that so mistakes you. This young Lord
Flatters his folly that indeed you are
Sicke of that humor, you but counterfeite.
Beleeves y'are fraile and easie; since if not,
His courtship were without designe.

Cleant. My Lord

What meanes the Gentleman? He hopes to talke me
Into a vertue I neere practis'd yet,
And much suspect I never shall.

San. Pray Madam

Pardon his ignorance: tis want of breeding.

Onia. Pardon your mirth faire Madam, and brush off
This honor'd dust, that soyles your company;
This thing whom Nature carelessly obtruded
Upon the world to teach, that pride and folly

Makes

The Queene of Arragon.

Makes titular greatnesse th' envie but of fooles,
The wise mans pittie.

Sanmar. Sir your words are rude.

Oniate. Sure no, my Lord: Perhaps in times of yore
They might be conster'd so, when superstition
Worship'd each Lord an idoll. Now we finde
By sad experience, that you are meere men,
If vice debauch you not to beasts.

San. The place
Is privileg'd sir.

Oniat. I know it is, and therefore speake thus boldly,
If you grow hot, you have your grots my Lord,
And in your Villa you may domineere
Ore th' humble Countrie Gentleman, who stands
A loofe and bare.

Clean. My Lord leave off the combat
Yea're hard matcht. And see the Lord *Florentio*.

Enter Florentio and Velasco.

The Queene attends his coming. Sir voule finde
A more convenient schoole to reade this lecture.

Oniate. But none so beatifull to heare me.

Exeunt severall wayes Sanmartino,

Cleantha, and Oniate.

Floren. And are you sure my Lord, he durst presume
To looke up at her?

Velasco. Yes, and she commends
His person and his spirit.

Floren. Twas too much
T' observe his person. Sure his spirit's great,
And well may challenge the Queenes memorie:
I have not seene him yet.

Velasco. Nor I my Lord.

Flor. He had a fortune gentler far than mine.
In envie of that service which I vowed
To *Arragon*; heaven used a strangers arme
In this great action: I was judg'd a thing
Unfit for use.

Velasco. Your glory was the greater,
Your courage even opposing gainst your fate
In the attempt.

Floren. But yet mistaking man
Esteemes the happie onely valiant.
And if the Queene (*Velasco*) should smile on
His merits, and forget that love I have

The Queene of ARRAGON.

With such religion payd her. But these doubts
Are impious : and I sinne, if I but listen
To their disloyall whispers. And behold,

Enter the Queene, Floriana, Cleamha, &c.

She opens like a rocke of Diamond;
To th' curious search of th' almost bankrupt merchant,
So doth the Pilot finde his starre, when stormes
Have even sunck his barke. *Divineſt Madam!*

Queen. Welcome my Lord ! But pardon me my joyes
If I muſt interrupt you with a ſigh.

I cannot looke upon *Florenſes* arme,
But I muſt grieve it bled for me.

Flo. O ſpare

The treaſure of thoſe teares ! Some captive King,
Whom fortune hath lockt up in iron, wants
One ſuch to buy his freedome. *Madam* all
Thoſe ſtreames of blood which flow to warme my earth
Leaſt it congeale to death, cannot compare
For value with the leaſt drop ſhed for you :
By ſuch a quarrell made ineſtimable.

Queene. The warre I ſee hath onely beene the field
To exerciſe your fancie. Your diſcourſe
Shewes that the Court was kept beneath your tent;
Yet cannot I my Lord be jealous but
Tis mingled with ſome love.

Floren. Tis a pure love,
Unmixt as is the ſoule. The world perhaps
May judge a kingdome hath enamor'd me,
And that your titles drefſe you forth, to raiſe
My appetite up higher. Pardon love,
If it grow envious even of your fortune;
And that I me ſoc't to wiſh, you had beene daughter
Of ſome poore mountaine cottager, without
All dowre but your owne beauty. Then I might
Have ſhewed a flame untainted with ambition :
And courted you. But now the circumſtance
Of greatneſſe ſeemes to challenge more than I
Have power to give : and working up my love,
I ſerve my fortune.

Queene. You have not my Lord
Found me uneaſie to your vows. And when
The troubled ſtreame of my tempeſtuous ſtate
Shall mee a perfect calmer; you then ſhall know
How worthy I eſteeme your vertue.

Flor.

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Flor. Speake but those words agen, and seate me in
An Orbe above corruption! O confirme
Your thoughts but with a promise.

Queen. How, a promise?
I shall repent my favour if I heare
A syllable that sounds like that. Upon
My marriage day I have vowed to bring my selfe
A free oblation to the holy Altar.
Not like a fearefull debtor, tender love
To save my bond, My Lord I must not heare
One whisper of a promise.

Floren. I'me silent.
And use me as your Vassall, for a title
More glorious I shall never covet. But
Queen. No jealousie my Lord.

Enter Lerma.

Lerma. Your Majestie
Is great in mercie: And I hope á stranger
Shall meete it, if his speech be an offence.

Queen. Your pleasure sir.

kneeles.

Lerma. The Lord *Ascanio* charg'd
Me fall yet lower if the earth would licence.
For to so high a Majestie, obedience
Cannot bend downe enough. Then he commanded,
I in his name, should begge the honour for him,
Before he take his journey from your Country,
To kisse your hand.

Queen. Pray sir lets know the houre,
But let it not be sudden. Yeares should sweat
In preparation for his entertainment,
And Poets racke invention till it reach
Such praises as would reach the victories
Of th'old Heroes.

Lerma. Madam, if his arme
Did actions worthy memory; it receiv'd
An influence from your quarrell: In the which
A dwarfe might triumph ore an Armie: But
He humbly craves, his audience may not be
With croude and noise as to Embassadors;
But with that silence which befits his businesse:
For tis of moment.

Queen. Sir, we will obey
His own desires, though ours could wish his welcome
With a full ceremonie. I attend him.

Exit Lerma.

Flor

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Floren. Madam this stranger.

Queen. Pray my Lord let Love
Not interrupt your businesse. I beleeve
The Armie which *Decastro* so expected
Being now arriv'd, your souldier tired, the Citie
Ill settled in her faith, much counsell will
Be needfull. When your leisure shall permit,
Our joy shall be to see you.

Floren. I'm all obedience.

*Exeunt Queene and Florenio,
Manent Sanmartino, and Cleantha. at severall doores.*

San. And when sweete Madam will you crowne our joyes?
Lets not like riotous gamsters throw away
The treasure of our time. Appoint the houre,
The houre which must weare garlands of delight,
By which wee'le make it th' envie of the age.

Clean. My Lord what meane you?

San. What all fine Lords meane,
Who have plenty, youth, and title.

Clean. But my fame?

San. Tis the fooles bugbeare.

Clean. Then my conscience?

San. A scarecrow for old wives, whom wrinkles make
Religious.

Clean. What will the Court say?

San. Why nothing.

In mercie to themselves, all other Ladies
Will keepe your counsell.

Clean. But will you not boast it?

San. Ile be degraded first.

Clean. Well I'm resolv'd.

San. But when sweete Madam? Name
The moment.

Clean. Never. For now I weigh things better,
The antidote 'gainst feare is innocence.

San. Will you delude my hopes then? Pitty Madam
A heart that withers, if denyed this favour.

Clean. In pittie I may be induced to much;
And since you urge compassion, I will meete.

San. Where excellent Madam?

Clean. Ith' Sycamor walke:

San. The minute, o the minute?

Clean. An houre hence.

San. Felicitie! fit for thy envie Love!

You

The Queene of ARRAGON.

You will not faile now Madam?

Clean. To be fuch

As you fhall count that houre your happieft.

Exeunt.

Enter Browfilldore, and Oniate.

Oniate. This is a challenge! Prethee my fmall friend
May not a man take th' height of thy Lords fpirit,
Looking on thee?

Browfill. Pray fir leave off your mirth
And write my Lord your anfwere.

Oniate. Little fir,
I never learnt that pretty qualitie;
I cannot write. Onely by word of mouth.

Garagan. Your place fir?

Oniate. The market place.

Garag. Tis fantafticke: and my Lord will take it ill.
Your weapons fir.

Oniate. Two *English* Maftives, which
Are yet but whelpes, and not transported hither:
So that the time will be I know not when.

Garag. Your fport is dangerous. If my Lord forgive you,
I muft relent th' affront as to my felfe,
And will expect a moft fevere account.

Onia. Thou leffe thought angrier thing than wasps, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene and Afcanio.

Queen. I am inform'd my Lord that you have bufinesse,
And tis of moment:

Afcanio. Great as that of Natures
In her moft mighty worke, Creation.
For to preferv from diffolution, equals
The gift of our firft Being. Not to hold
Your Majeftie in riddles, tis to begge
Your pardon for a Souldier doom'd to dye;
Inevitably doom'd: Unleffe your mercie
Steppe betweene him and death.

Queen. My Lord we ufe
T' examine well the fact, for which he is
To fuffer, ere we pardon. There be crimes
Of that blacke qualitie, which often makes
Mercie feeme cruell.

Afcanio. That's the feare which frights
Me to this paleneffe: fure his crime is great
But fondly I prefuming on the fervice
My fortune lately did you, gave my vow
Ne're to forfake your care with earneft prayers,

Till

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Till you had granted.

Queen. Would you had not vowed.
For by the practise of my enemies,
My fame is 'mong the people yet unetled,
And my capacitie for government,
Held much too feeble. Should I then by this
Provoke them to disdain me, I might runne
Apparent hazard even of ruine, now
Warre so distracts our Kingdome. But my Lord
Your merits are too ponderous in the scale,
And all respects weigh light, you have his pardon.

Asca. Your hand on that. The Dune on the Swans bosome,
Not white and soft as this: Here's such a dew
As drops from bounteous heaven in the morning,
To make the shadowie banke pregnant with violets.

Queen. My Lord!

Ascanio. I kist it, and the Phenix seem'd
(The last of the whole race) to yeeld a perfume
More sweete than all his dying Ancestors
Breathed from their funerall piles. O think not back!
My life is so concomitant with love,
That if you frowne on either both expire,
And I must part for ever hence.

Queen. How strange appears this extasie? My Lord I feare
Your braine feelles some disturbance: If I cause it,
I will remove the object.

Ascan. Pardon Madam
The error of my fancie (which oft seemes
To seethings absent) if my tongue did utter
What misbecame your eare. And doe not forfeite
Your servant to perpetuall misery
For want of a short patience.

Queene. No my Lord;
I have the memory of your great deedes
Ingrav'd so deepe; no error can have power
To raze them from a due respect. You beg'd
To have a pardon: speake th' offenders name.

Ascan. Th' offenders name, is Love. His crime, high treason
A plot how to surprize and wound your heart;
To this conspirator I have given harbour,
And vow'd to begge your mercie for him.

Queen. How?

Asca. And if you breake your grant, I will hereafter
Scorne all your Sex, since the most excellent

The Queene of ARRAGON

Is cruell, and inconstant.

Queen. Pray my Lord
Goe recollect your reason, which your passion
Hath too much scatter'd. Make me not have cause
To hate, whom I would ever strive to honour.

Ascanio. Madam you haply scorn the vulgar earth
Of which I stand compacted. And because
I cannot adde a splendor to my name
Reflective from a royall pedegree;
You interdict my Language. But be pleas'd
To know, the ashes of my ancestors
If intermingled in the Tombe with Kings
Could hardly be distinguish'd. The Starres shoote
An equall influence on the open cottage,
Where the poore shepheards childe is rudely nurst,
And on the cradle where the Prince is rockt
With care and whisper.

Queen. And what hence inferre you?

Ascanio. That no distinction is 'twene man and man,
But as his vertues adde to him a glory,
Or vices cloud him.

Queen. But yet heaven hath made
Subordination, and degrees of men,
And even religion doth authorize us
To rule; and tells the subject tis a crime
And shall meete death, if he disdain obedience.

Ascan. Kinde heaven made us all equal, till rude strength
Or wicked pollice usurp'd a power,
And for Religion, that exhorts t' obey
Onely for its owne ease.

Queen. I must not heare,
Such insolence 'gainst Majestie: And yet
This lesse offends than love.

Ascanio. If reason bends
You not to mercie; let my passion plead,
And not meete death from her, in whose faire quarrell
I could each moment bring a life to th' hazard.
Philosophie, hath taught me that content
Lives under the course thatch of Labourers
With much more quiet, then where the sam'd hand
Of Artists, to the life, have richly drawne
Upon the roofes the fictions of the Gods.
How happie then might I lengthen my life,
With some faire Country Gire, so ignorant

The Queene of ARAGON.

She knew not her owne beauties : Rather than
Indanger death and scorne in your deniall,
And in your grant nothing but pompe and envie.
Quee. My Lord be wise, and study that best content.
This bold presumptuous love, hath cancell'd all
The bonds I owed your valour : henceforth hope
Not for that usuall favour I shew strangers,
Since you have thus abused it : would I might
With safety have appear'd more gratefull.

Asca. She's gone, as life from the delinquent when
Justice sheathes up her sword. I faine would have
Conceal'd lov's treason, but desire t' obtaine her
Put me to th' torture, till each Nerve did cracke,
And I confest, then dy'd upon the racke.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleantha and Floriana.

Floria. Thy pride is such a flatterer of thy beautie,
That no man fights by accident, but thou
Dost pittie as quarrellers.

Clean. Floriana!

Not so kind natured surely. I have put
The fighes of Courtiers in a scale, and finde
Some threescore thousand may weigh downe a fether.
I have tryed their teares, which though of briny taste,
Can onely season th' hearts of fooles, not women.
Their vowes are like their duells, ever grounded,
Upon the idlest quarrell.

Floria. This, experiences
Perhaps instructs you to. But yet your pride
I feare is over easie to beleewe.
Tis meerely to flye idlenesse, that my Lord
Hath troubled you with courtship. If the Queene
Would make a statesman, she might cure a Lover.
Want of imployment made him dreame on beauty,
And yours came first t' his fancie.

Clean. I begin

The Queene of ARAGON.

To thinke his making love but vanitie,
And a mistake in wit.

Floris. And you begin
Perhaps to feare it?

Clean. True, perhaps I doe.
For though we care not for the Lover, yet
We love the passion. Though we scorne the offering
We grieve to see it throwne away, and envie
If consecrated to another. Woman
Hath no revenge 'gainst th' injurie of custome,
Which gives man superiortie, but thus
To foole him to subjection.

Floris. Yet *Cleantha!*
I could have wisht your charitie had spared
This triumph o're my Lord.

Clean. You see I take
The next way to redeeme him. This the houre,
And this the place. Here he resolves to raise
A trophe in my ruine: And behold

Enter Sanmartino, winding up his march.
The just man of his promise. Not a minute
He failes; when sinne's the payment.

Floris. He indanger
His vertue to a blush: And happily
Convert an Infidell.

Clean. This is my province,
Nor shall you envie me the honour of
A worke so meritorious. Let him walke
A while, and sinne with his owne fancie: Then
He undertake him: and if there be neede,
Be you prepared to assist me.

Floris. Thou dost build
Such Forts on the opinion of thy wit.

San. 'Tis a full houre, and halfe a minute over.
And yet she not appears? How we severe
Strickt Creditors in love, stand on the minute?
But yet the paiment never comes unwelcome,
Untill the gold, through age grow foule and rustie,
We stand not on a graine or two too light.

Enter Dwarfes.
Now your discovery?

Dwarfe. My Lord I have
Made search in every Alley, every Arbour,
Not left a bush, wherein my littlenesse

The Queene of Arragon

Could creepe without due scrutinie. And yet
No whispering of rassetie: No dazeling
Of your bright Mistresse forc't me to a wincke.
I saw no mortall beautie.

San. Sure shee'le not
Be so unworthy to delude me now.

Dwarfe. But I had a more prosperous fate in love,
My Lord I met my mistresse.

San. You, a mistresse?

Dwarfe. A Mistresse to whose beauty I have payd
My vowes, most fervent vowes, ere since I was
Of stature fit to be an Amorist.

San. One of the Maides of honor to Queene *Mar.*

Dwar. Your Lordship guesses heere. For she is one
Oth' Chamberers to her Fayrie Majestie,
A Ladie of most subtle wit: who while
She puts a handkerchiefe on her gorget on
Her little highnesse, holds intelligence
Abroad, and orders payment for the Spies
She raifeth factions, and unites the angry.

San. Where found you her?

Dwarf. Walking alone under the shadow of
A Tulip, and inveying 'gainst Court Arts,
Cause one of Oberons Groomes had got from her
The Monopoly of transporting gnats,
A project she long aynd at.

San. No more fooling.
I am growne angry with my patience.
Boy, sing those verses, were presented me
This morning.

Dwarf. I will creepe behind a bush,
And then for voyce, vie with the Nightingale:
If seene I am so bashfull.

Sanmar. Take your way.

Song Without

As the Song And Emer Cleantha veild

She breakes forth like the Morning in a Cloud.
Tis for the safety of my eyes, you see
The glory of your beauties, which selfe might
Dazle, not catch the sight. But I discern
A faire Cleantha through this gloominesse.
Appeare, and speake bright Madam. Why such silence?
O famish not my eare, which greedily

Longs

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Longs to devoure the Musique of your Language:
Is it to teach me that delight must be
Intomb'd in secrecie? Or else to shew
How mad a spend thrift I'm to talke away
The treasure of this houre. Come faire unveile.

Clean. O give me leave, yet to retaine my blushes.

San. Deceite of timorous modesty! Traitors
To love your blushes are. Your feares are envious
Of your delights. Lets vanish hence and neere
To th' vulgar eye againe appeare: Till we
Growne old in pleasure be transform'd to a Vine
Or Ivie, so for ever to entwine.

Clean. Then I unveile.

San. O flye into my armes,
As a rich odor to the ravish't sence:
Perfume me with thy kisses.

Clean. Stay my Lord:
Actions of moment (as I take this is)
Must be maturely thought on. I have cal'd
My reason to account.

San. Your reason Madam?

Clean. Yes my good Lord. That onely doth distinguish
A woman from brute beasts, or what's more sensuall,
A vaine loose man. What sinne scandalls my carriage
To give encouragement to this presumption?
What priviledg'd this attempt?

San. That tempting beauty.

Clean. It is a traytor then to my pure thoughts:
And to preserve your eye, would it were wrinkled;
I could much easier suffer the reproach
Of age, than your bold courtship. If a Lady
Be young and sportive, use curiositie
And perhaps Art, to helpe where nature seem'd
Imperfect in her worke, will you, from the
False argument of your owne loose blood, conclude
Her guilty? Or if she select a friend,
Whose innocence gives warrant to her faith,
Will you infer their whispers have no ayme
But that of Brothels? Cause you finde your selfe
Nought but loose flesh, will you turne Heretic,
And thence deny the soule?

San. This language Madam
Sounds nothing to the purpose of our meeting.

Clean. More to the benefit. But in your parent,

Mong

The Queen of Arragon.

Mong all the priviledges of a Conde
Where finde you lust inserted? Without which
Till age hath made you wise or impotent,
You thinke your honour is defective: Cause
Your cloathes are handsome, and mine too; must we
Deforme our minds? Is it sufficient motive
To sinne, if opportunitie and youth
Perswade us? Such as you, are those foule plagues
Infect the ayre which breathes our fame, and make
The cautious sirs oth' Country shunne us.

San. Madam?

Clean. When we admit you to our bedchamber,
Powder, or haply bath before you. What
Of honor's here more than a groome may boast,
Our maides are tired with? Yet this with a smile
Is whisper'd to your friend, and you inferre
How easie a more neere approach will be.
My Lord learne vertue, and your wit may then
Not serve you to so fond a purpose. If
That courage you are fam'd for be no slander,
Goe to the warres. Twill be a farre lesse maine
To lose an eye there than your honour here.
If peace enamour you, and the Court live honest,
And hope the heire who shall succeed you, may
Be yours. Revenge destroyes more chastitie,
Than all the temptings of such Lords as you.

San. You shall not talke me Madam from that pleasure
This houre doth promise me.

Clean. You'le not commit
A rape my Lord?

San. That is a question as
Yet unresolv'd. For force is my last refuge.

Clean. Thinke on the danger, for the sinne I see
Little distracts your conscience.

San. I propose
Felicite, which none can merit, who
Refuse so poore a venter. Here now
No prayer or Art shall free you. If you will
Hazard a life devoted to your service,
Ile dye your Martyr.

Clean. Come my Lord, Ile free you
From all such hazard.

San. There spoke harmonie.

Clean. Ile not be cruell. You shall have kisses, such

As

The Queen of Arragon.

As will melt your soule into your lipper. And what
Is sweetest, no repentance shall be th' issue

Of your delight, *Looke here my Lord. She's yours.*

San. No halter now. *Not mee convenient? O!*

A steeple would be precious for my purpose!
But *Oniate's* there. He fight with him.

Be kill'd, and be redeem'd. Sir you receiv'd
A challenge from me! but return'd no answer.

Oniate. My Lord I had other businells: you lee excuse me.

San. What satisfaction doe men give, when challeng'd?

Oniate. According to their spirit. If they be
Regardlesse of their name, then they submit.
If not, they fight.

San. What Sir, will you then doe?

Oniate. Let me consider. Neither.

San. Come you shall fight.

Oniate. My Lord I will not.

San. Then you shall subscribe
Your selfe a coward.

Oniate. Not for the whole world:
Such an apparent lye would be a sinne
Too heavierto my conscience. I subscribe
My selfe a coward? If I should; no souldier
Would thinke but that my hand were counterfeit.

San. Then you must fight.

Oniate. My Lord on no condition. Hope not for it.

San. Then you shall sweare, never to speake my name
But with respect.

Oniate. Hereafter, if you can
Deserve it. For the present, I must crave
Your pardon with much mirth to laugh at you.

San. Sir I shall meete you.

Oniate. It shall contradict
All my endeavours then.

San. I goe sir. But. *Exit. Sanmar, and Floria.*

Clean. For mercie sake goe with thy Lord. Repentance
May turne to desperation.

Floria. He preserve him.

Clean. Have you no businells sir, imports you more
Than t'hold discourse with me? Troth I shall pittie
You want imployment.

Oniate. Madam, what can be
More serious?

Clean.

The Queenes of Armes and N.

Clean. Nothing more: If your designe
Be to convert me; for I know you hold
All Ladies in a Schisme, who are young and proud.

Oniate. Your pardon Madam, I beleeve in cunning,
Court Ladies choose some pettie veniall errors,
To set perfection off. For should you not
Usurpe a handsome pride, your fame would lye
Like unwal'd Cities, open to the prey
Of each invading youth. Did you not shew
A scorne, you would deserve it.

Clean. Sir take heed
Hope not to win my favour, by extolling
What in our better thoughts our selves condemne.
I am so wearied out with vowes and oathes,
With impious praises and most tedious flattery,
That nothing but plaine speaking truth, can gaine
On my affection.

Oniate. Madam! your affection?

Clean. Pray sir doe not comment upon the words
It doth portend no danger to you.

Oniate. And if it did, where's the beatitude?
For though I grant you vertues great as beauty
Can entertaine; and foolish I resolv'd
To captivate my stocke of life: a woman;
Yet would I not adventure on you, if
You did not vow to performe Articles.

Clean. Suppose the businesse come to Articles.

Oniate. Ith' first then you should covenant love, not squinting
On every finer youth, or greater Lord;
But looking streight on me.

Clean. To the second sir.

Oniate. No dotage on the Court, so far that my
Estate must rue it: and no vanitie
Be started up, but my fond Lady must
Be melancholly, and take physick, till
She get into it.

Clean. Why? You envie then
Us our owne trouble. Keepe us from the expence
And leave us to our discontent for pennance.

Oniate. No: I would have the minde serene: Without
All passion, though a masque should be presented,
And you ith' Country. I must have you wife,
To know your beauty mortall: which you must
Preserve to warme my eye: not ayde by Arts,

To

The Queene of ARRAGON.

To keepe the Courtiers wit in exercise.
From his so practis'd flattery, your care
Must turne with a brave scorne, and when his eye
Doth offer parley, seeme so ignorant
As not to understand the language.

Clean. Sir

You haply will debate us out the friends too.

Oniate. As secret enemies who le first betray you.

Clean. Youle not allow us, wearied of our husbands,

To send them on discovery of new worlds;

Or if we take a toy our selves to travel,

Perhaps to *Barbary*, or *Tartary*,

Or the remotest parts?

Oniate. To *Bedlam* sooner.

Clean. Or if our Sexe should warrant it by custome,

To play at *Tennice*, or runne at the Ring,

Or any other Martiall exercise;

I feare me scrupulous sir, you will condemne it

As dangerous to my honour.

Oniate. Sure I should.

Clean. I then perceive small hope of our agreement.

Oniate. But I a confidence. For I discern

How much you loath these follies, you pretend.

Clean. Good sir no more of this so kind mistake,

Youle finde some other Ladie more deserves it,

And I aspire not to the honour.

Oniate. Ile try yet farther.

Exeunt Oniate Clean

Enter Lerma and Velasco.

Lerma: My Lord you offer nobly.

Velasco. Tis a steppe

Beneath *Florentio's* greatnesse, whether you

His birth consider, or his place. Sir the Queene

By natures seated and her high deserts,

Where onely mighty soules (such as the Generalls)

May offer to aspire.

Lerma. My Lord your laps

To this proud language is so injurious, that

I must be forc't to purge the humor. That

The Lord *Florentio* offers by a duell

To shew no man can have fairer pretence

To serve the Queene; must be allowed. But that

You dare cast disregard upon this Lord

Although a stranger, urgeth me to intreate

Y'ould draw your sword:

The Queene of ARRAGON

Velasco. It hath seene light, and made
Way through an Armie, when fond victory
Smil'd on our enemies. It hath done wonders,
When the thicke troopes of *Moors* invaded us,
It feares no opposition.

Lerma. Shew th' effect of't.

Velasco. Not in a cause so triviall. Each small breath
Disturbs the quiet of poore shallow waters:
But winds must ampe themselves ere the large sea
Is seene to tremble. Pray your pardon sir:
I must not throw away my courage on
A cause so triviall.

Lerma. As you please my Lord;
But to omit all circumstance, you bring
A challenge to my Lord *Ascanio*:
The reason of the Lord *Florentio's* anger,
A rivallship in Love.

Velasco. You speake it right.

Lerma. Ile bring you backe his resolution,
Before you have attended many minutes.

Velasco. Sir 'twill be descent, for my nature knowes
Not how to waite. And if no delays
Be used, 'twill shew a fierce valour in him,
And happily prevent discovery.
For you may easily conjecture, that
A Generalls absence soone will wake the eye
Of the suspicious Souldier.

Lerma. Is my Lord
In readinesse.

Velasco. He walkes not far from hence

Lerma. You shall have use then but of a short patience. *Exit.*

Velasco. It will be gratefull to us sir: My Lord.

Enter Florentio.

Floren. And will *Ascanio* meete?

Velasco. Immediately.

Floren. I had no other way. Yet this is rough,
And Justice whispers tis unsafe to treade it.
If to love her be sinfull, what am I?
How dare I call his passion to the barre,
And nourish it my selfe? Why may not he
Who hath as bold a fortune, entertaine
As bold a love; and in the fate of warre
Having outgone my service, why not then
Present it to the selfe-same Altar? But

We

The *Queene* of *ARRAGON.*

We cannot harbour both in the same Port;
Or he or I am shipwrack'd: for the storme
Is rais'd, and to appease it, death must be
The sacrifice.

Enter Lerma.

Velasco. My Lord here is the second.

This stranger dares not meete with your great spirit.

Floren. Suspect him not my Lord. He hath a courage
Above the sense of feare. Well sir your answer?

Lerma. My Lord *Ascanio* could have wisht his life
Might have beene destind to a happier purpose.
And charged me tell your Lordship that he had
Much rather have beene lost with common dust,
In the cheape Churchyard, than endanger'd fame
In this great duell.

Floren. Sir explaine his reasons.

Lerma. He calls to his sad thoughts, the mischeries which
This Kingdome needes must fall into when you
Shall perish by his sword; certainly
You cannot scape it, thus provoking death.
Then to what ruine may the Queene, whose safety
You both have labour'd, be engaged? He could
With patience almost suffer on his name,
The infamie of coward, rather than
Hazard the quiet of her estate. But you.

Floren. Let me consider; 'Tis an idle rage
That heates me to this quarrell, Let her fate
Remaine unshaken, though she choose my foe
Into her love and bosome. If she live
Above the feare of ruine; I am mighty,
Mighty enough, though by my griefes growne feeble
And weakned too, diseases fright the healthy.
I will referre my cause and life to her,
And ne're dispute it by the sword.

Velasco. My Lord!

Floren. *Velasco*, I am safe enough against
The taint of Coward. *Spaine* beares witness that
I dare, as farre as honour dares give warrant.
But in this cause.

Velasco. My Lord you'll lose the glory
Of all your former Actions; and become
The mirth of Courtiers, empty things who braule
Not fight, if you returne after a challenge
Without performance.

Floren. 'Tis a serious truth.

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Velas. Moreover this young Gentleman hath hope
To talke you from your resolution:
The Lord *Ascanio* will too much exult,
If this way too he can overcome you.

Floren. It must not be sir, tell my Lord I waite
His leisure.

Lerma. And your Lordship shall not have
Reason to thinke it long. Prepare your selfe
His onely prayer is now; that when he comes
There may be no discourse to take up time,
He hath desire the businesse may be all:
What he can say, hath beene by me delivered.

Exit.

Floren. We will obey him. Tyrant Love! Why is
Thy crueltie so wanton to delight
In murder? Like that impious Roman Prince,
Thou joyest to smother, whom thou lov'st, in Roses,
And stifle them with the choyest perfumes. But
This is no place for reason; She may hold
Dispute in sober schooles, where studie raises
The soule to knowledge. Here's the Theater
For the bruite part of man to fight his last,
I must redeeme the Laurell, fortune crown'd
His Temples with, or perish in th' attempt.
My fate decrees it.

Enter Ascanio, and Lerma.

Lerma. Here's my Lord *Ascanio*.

Floren. Why doth he turne his face away as if
He durst not looke on danger: Doe his feares
Now triumph ore his courage.

Lerma. Put it to the tryall.

They fight.

Floren. He's more than Mortall sure. He strikes like lightning
Himselfe not passive. But Ile try again,
And disinchant the Sorcerer. I there
I reacht him home. You bleed, open your doublet
The wound perhaps is dangerous.

Ascanio. But a scratch.

Floren. Sure I have heard that voyce, and seene that face,
Velasco tis the King.

Ascanio. My Lord what meane you?

Floren. Some Planet strike me dead, and fixe this arme
A monument to tell posterity
The treason of my errour: Mighty Sir,
Shew mercy to your Creature, that my death
(Which hastily steales on me) may not be

Too

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Too foule for after story:

Ascanio. Rise *Florentio*,
This act cannot endure the name of Treason.

Floren. Some Surgeons quicke to search the wound! O fir
How doe you feele your selfe? speake life, or I
Shall sinke downe to my Center.

Ascanio. Not a man
Stirre hence, thy sword was loyall as thy thoughts,
And scarce hath peirc't the skin. O my *Florentio*.

Floren. My Lord and King! But why did you engage
Your sacred person into danger? Twas not well;
How many thousand lives depend on yours?

Ascanio. Envie oth' greatnesse I possesse, without
The merit, and desire to know those perills
We want only our subjects cast upon
On every weake exception; wrought my youth
Into this action. Nor can I repent
Th' experience of this waire?

Floren. But oh great fir,
Why did your Majestie suffer this duell?
Twass cruell and unkinde. How easily
This hand might have committed sacriledge?
The very thought whereof, like some pale vision
Congeales my blood.

Ascanio. Search not that wound to deepe.

Florentio! I shall blush, blust like some Ladie
Surpriz'd in sin, if you too farre examine.

Floren. Conceale it not great fir, though in the speaking
Poyson steale through my eare. Be confident,
Unvaile your thoughts.

Ascanio. You needes must hate me then:

And will have Justice to throw off that duty

You owe me as a subject. Let it be

Unspoken still; though smothering it by death.

Good heaven defend. What is in Armes of us

Exposed to certaine slaughter, if compared

To th' shortest moment that should serve you quiet

And shall I live and see my Sovaigne weare

A sorrow, on his brow?

Ascanio. *Florentio!* thou

Art glorious in thy vertue. So was I

Till looking on the Queene I grew oth' sudden

Darker then midnight?

Floren. O my cruell fate!

Ascanio.

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Ascanio. I grew a theefe, a most ungratefull theefe
In my designs, and labour'd to have stole
The Jewell of thy life from thee. A Jewell,
My selfe so freely had bestowed upon
The merits of thy youth.

Floren. My soule foresaw this.

Ascanio. How justly had I perisht by thy sword.
How happie for my safety. Then had I
Beene lost in my disguise; or dyed, my crime
Unknowne unto the world. Now if I live
I must wade through a sea of injuries;
T' attaine an unsafe haven.

Enter the Queene.

Floren. Cheere your selfe
Dread sir: Though as I give the Legacie
I breath my last; yet will I shew a heart
Thankfull to your great favours. Madam, here
Behold the Sovereigne of Castile.

Queen. You have
Beene cruell in your kindnesse Sir, to keepe
So long your sacred person hid from us.

Floren. He is your Lover Madam, and deserves
The title. Whether you observe his youth,
So beautious, Nature dotes upon her worke:
Or weigh his greatnesse powerfull to defend you,
Should fate and all mankind conspire your ruine,
And adde to that, he merits you, his sword
Having restored you freedom: when poore I
Was judg'd like some old instrument of warre
Unfit for service. All my interest

I here resigne to th' Author of my fate,
My Love I cannot, which must still remaine,
Companion to my life. But He take heed
My wound appeare not, though it inward bleed.

Ascan. I waite here Madam, and attend your sentence
For 'tis my doome.

Queen. Sir I am that sad wretch
Stands trembling at the barre, know your merit
And know a gratitude, great as ere was owing,
By an injured soule releev'd. I duely weigh
That double tye which doth oblige me yours
First when you sent your soldiers to my rescue
Then by exposing your most sacred person
To th' dangers of a warre.

Ascanio.

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Ascanio. A triviall nothing.

Queen. What honour can come equall to my state
As by so high a match? And 'gainst your person
The envious cannot finde a quarrell.

Asca. Madam

All this is circumstance, the politicke
Busie their fancie with. I bring a love,
An humble love, which is of value to
Enoble the parcht labourer, and force
An Emperesse listen to his vowes. Consider
In me nothing of fortune, onely looke
On that, to which Love new created me.
If once receiv'd your servant, what's *Castile*
In the comparison? For Princes are
Too bold, if they bring wealth and victory,
To enter competition with those treasures
A Lover aimes at in his Mistresse favour.
May I not hope your smile?

Queen. You must command it.

Asca. Then give me leave to whisper to my hopes
What strange felicities I shall enjoy.

Queen. But sir, consider how you gave away
To your *Florentio*, all that claime, you might
Have to me, as so great a neighbouring Prince.

Ascan. It was a gift my ignorance made, which I
Was cozen'd in. For had my eye beene honor'd
With sight of such a beauty; safer he
Might have petition'd for my Scepter: And
The grant had not so soone begot repentance.

Queen. But promises of Princes must not be
By after Arts evaded? Who dares punish
The breach of oath in subjects; and yet slight
The faith he hath made them?

Ascan. But my *Florentio*,
Hath given me backe his intrest.

Queen. That gift
Was like a vow extorted, which Religion
Cancels, as forc't from Conscience.

Asca. But your selfe
Are free, and never by an oath made his.

Queen. My resolution, grounded on his service,
Ties more than formall contracts.

Asca. Ile not urge
You farther, but by these, which never yet

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Found passage through my eyes not he, nor all
Mankinde contracted to one heart, can harbour
A love that equals that I burne with, Madam:
Thinke on't: and let your thoughts finde out that path
Which leades to mercie. *Exit. Ascanio.*

Queen. How I am dazled,
Plac't on a precipice by tyrant Love?
The King is Noble, and his merits claime
A retribution great as I can make.
He loves me; and yeelds onely to *Florenio*,
In the priority of service. My sad soule!

*Enter Florenio, looks on the Queene, sighes
and goes in againe.*

Betweene these two I might stand distracted!
But Vertue guide me: Nor can I ere stray
While that directs, and honour beates the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Decastro and his Armie.

Decast. MY fortune yet forsakes me not. There's something
Whispers my soule, that though a storme did cloud
My morning, I shall set the envie of
My yet prevailing enemies. Had you
My fellow souldiers not bene three houres march
From ayding us, when the *Castilian Armie*
Made the assault: we had given their fate a checke,
And taught them how unsafe it is to Court
Dangers abroad. I must intreate your courage
To suffer for some moments, a short time
Will bring us the *Queenes* answer. If she yeeld
(As reason may perswade her) we shall spare
Much losse of blood, if not your valour will
Have liberty to shew it selfe. Yet still
Remember that the Cities for it obey
A stranger; in their votes they fight for us.
Did no man see the Lord *Offuna* since
Our fight ith' morning?

Capt. He appear'd not since
Found

We

The Queene of ARRAGON.

We left the Citie to the enemye.
Which hath bred jealousie, my Lord, that he
Chang'd with the present fortune.

Decast. Doubt him not.

He hath a heart devoted to the greatnesse
And safety of his Country. Well he may
Be lost ith' number of the slaine. But fate
Cannot enforce him stoope beneath the vow
Of rescuing Arragon from forraigne Armes.

Enter two common Souldiers, haling Offuna in as an Hermit.

What insolence is this? Unhand the man,
Me thinkes his habit should beget respect.

Sould. My Lord we guesse he is some spie, he came
Sculking from th' enemies campe. Pray guard
Your person, mischief often lurkes in shapes
As holly.

Decast. I allow your care and thanke it,
Leave him to me; and for a while retire.

Offuna. Your Lordship knowes me not?

Decast. *Offuna,* welcome!

Blest bethy better Angell who preserv'd thee!
How happie to the fortune of this warre
Art thou restor'd? I should have fought unarm'd,
Had I not had the fate'r embrace thee thus.
How was my friend preserv'd?

Offuna. By vertue of
This sacred habit. In the mist of warre
Disguis'd I thus escaped, though close pursu'd
By some of the Queenes faction. To this weed
I owe my safety.

Decast. Quickly throw it off,
And reinvest thy body in that steele,
With which thou still hast triumph'd. O my Lord!
How oft have we all bath'd in blood and sweat,
Though clouds of dust found out the way to force
Backe victory to our side; when fortune seem'd
To doate on th' enemye. We two have growne
Like Cedars up together, and made all
Seeme shrubs to us, no man sleeping secure
But in our shadowes.

Offuna. Yes; we have beene happie.

Decast. Thou speak'st so hollow, as there were a doubt
We might not be so still.

Offuna. But there's is no faith

The Queens of ARAGON.

In humane fate. An Emperour did serve
As footstoole to the Conqueror, and are we
Better assured of destinie?

Decast. What strange
Unworthy faintnesse weakens his great soule,
Who heretofore, neere understood the language
Danger speakes in? Hath one defeat lost you
That mighty courage, which hath fixt upon
Your name a glorious memory? Reassume
Yourselfe my Lord: Let not degenerate feare
Benight the luster of your former acts.

Offuna. I call your selfe and Aragon to witnesse,
My life hath yet bene such, yet reverend shades
Of my great Ancestors, need not looke pale
Or blush, to know my story. To your selfe,
To whose brave youth I tyed my youth a servant,
I ever have perform'd all Offices
Due to so brave a friendship.

Decast. Tis confest.
Offuna. And here I vow, setting aside those feares
Distract me as a Christian; I could smile,
Smile like some wanton Mistresse, upon death
What ever shape it weares.

Decast. My Lord this waste
Is warranted by Casuists for lawfull:
But they (you'll say) flatter the present state,
And make divinitie serve humane ends
But in it selfe its just. A warning your judgement
Gave approbation to; and urg'd me first
To undertake. Therefore make good your owne,
And throw off this unusefull habit.

Offuna. Never.
Decastro. What sayd my friend?
Offuna. By all things sacred never.
In this I will grow old, and with the weight
Of yeares bend to the earth. In this I'll breathe
A happier ayre, then you in all your soft
And varied filkes.

Decast. Some coward devil sure
Possesseth him.

Offuna. My Lord I am instructed
T' a patience far above your injuries.
Nor shall your scorne or anger triumph o're
My resolution. I'm fixt here, unmoved.

In

H

As

The Queene of ARRAGON.

As is the center.

Decast. I was much to blame.

This may be a brave vertue. Pray my Lord
Give me your reasons, why you tread this path
So little beaten by the feete of Courtiers.
I would not have the world mistake your ayme,
And conster it to feare or melancholy?

Offuna. That cannot shake me. He who by the Card
Oth' worlds opinion steeres his course, shall harbor
In no safe port. But to your care my Lord

I give this free account. Seven winters past
When I set saile from *Scicily*, a storme
Ore tooke the ship, so powerfull that the Pilot
Gave up the Sterne to th' ordering of the waves,
His Art and hand growne uselesse; Those kind starres
The Sailors use't invoke, were lost ith' tempest
And nothing but a night not to be seene
Was seene by us. When every one began
T' advance himselfe toward death as men condemn'd
To th' Axe, when hope of pardon is shut out.
I spight oth' envious cloud look'd up to heaven
And darterd my faith thither: vowing to
For sake the flattered pompe and businesse of
The faithlesse world, if I with safety might
Attaine the Land.

Decast. Was not I there my Lord?

Offuna. You were.

Decast. And made no I the selfe same vow?

Offuna. Heaven hath recorded that we both did vow it.

Oth' sudden night forooke us, and the loud
Unruly winds fled to their unknowne dwellings;
When a soft breath gan whisper to our sailes
A calme was to ensue.

Decast. My memory

Afflicts me much. But these are feeble vowes
Made onely by our feares: We ought to have
Our reason undismaid, when ere a promise
Can force performance.

Offuna. I dispute it not.

Soone as I reacht the shore I courted on
Those vanities which had my youth enamour'd,
Yet still with some remorse. Honors betrayd me
Into a glorious trouble, and I grew
Proud of my burden. But if heaven had beene

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Severe to my delays, in this diseas'd
Surfet of pompe, my soule might have beene call'd
T' her last account: And O my Lord where then
Had breach of vow beene safe.

Decast. These are sad thoughts.

Offuna. But necessarie. When the mornings losse
Made me search out a shape for flight: this habit
It selfe presented; and againe redem'd me,
And know I am resolv'd, neere to forsake it
Till in the vault, my earth and it together
Shall weare away to dust.

Decast. My Lord you have
Good title to your vertue. Pray retire
Into my tent. This suddaine change, if knowne,
May much amaze the Souldier, and endanger
The glory of th' attempt. I shall intreate
Your prayer, since you denie your arme.

Offuna. My Lord may heaven direct you.

Exit. Offuna.

Decast. What have I obtain'd
By all this sweate of businesse? Like the winde,
Prosperous ambition onely swell'd my saile
To give me courage to incounter with
A tempest. Early cares and midnight frights,
Faint hopes and causelesse feares, successively
Like billowes have mooved in me. What a foole
Is humane wisdom; what a begger wealth;
How scorn'd a nothing that proud state we doate on;
Time laughes us out of greatnesse, and shuts up
Our wide designs in a darke narrow roome;
Whence when the valiant Monarch shall creepe forth
He will like some poore coward, hide his eyes
And hope to scoulke away. But these are thoughts,
And now 'tis time for Action.

Enter Souldier to Decastro.

Soul. If your Lordship
Will please for some few moments to retire
Into your tent, her Majestie in person
Will give you parly here.

Decast. In person sir?

The favour beares some omen! she who in
The tempest of misfortune still did spread
Her saile at large; why doth she strike them now,
The winde so prosperous? This is a descent
Beneath her greatnesse.

Souldier.

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Souldier. I reach not, my Lord,
The misteries of Princes, but this message
She charg'd me to returne.

Decast. The Acts of Princes
Are govern'd often by as fraile a Passion,
As those are of the vulgar, the same rage
That stirs two footmen to a fray, creates
Warre betweene Kingdomes; but the zealous subject
Gazing a farre, on th' actions of the proud,
Finds towres and Lyons in an emptie cloud;
But Ile obey her leisure. Watch you here
Till you discover her advanc'd this way.

Exit. Decast.

Enter Ascanio, Florentio.

Floren. Sir you created me; and rais'd me up
Toth' state of Duke, when I was common dust.
And had not fortune given me interest
Ith' favour of the Queene, I had continued
In the worst fate of man, ingratitude.
Now I can boast I have restored you backe
A love rich as the bounty you shew'd on me.
'Tis all the stocke of my poore life.

Ascanio. Sad fate!

That I must wound thee to the heart, to cure
My Leprosie with thy blood. *Florentio* search
Ith' stocke of women there's some other beauty,

Floren. O no! no other.

Ascanio. Ile endow her with
The wealth of all Castile.

Floren. Poore emptie nothing!

Ascan. If Soveraignetie beth Idoll of thy soule,
I will divide my Kingdome: thou shalt raigne
As independant as my selfe.

Floren. Great sir,

Continue but your favour, and my flares
Cannot afford a greatnesse equalls it.
The treasures of th' ambitious, are the scome
Of those who seriously contemplate life:
My fortunes high enough. And now my thoughts
Grow temperate; not for th' Empire of the East,
(Which yet retaines the treasures, man enjoy'd
Ere he grew blacke with sinne) would I have wanted
This blest occasion to expresse the zeale
I owe my Prince. Here with as free a soule
I give her to your Armes as ere you threw

A

The Queene of ARRAGON.

A smile upon my service.

Ascanio. Thankes deere friend !

(That word must speake our loves) by this great gift
Thou hast redeem'd me from the tortue, and
Possess me of the fairest.

Floren. O !

Ascanio. The fairest, Nature ere made for wonder.

Floren. She is faire.

Ascanio. Injoying her thy King shall live, who else
Were desperate beyond cure. He shall be envied.
And every yeare as age threatens decay,
He shall regaine new life from her. *Floren.*
Beleeve there's miracle in such a beauty.

Floren. Surely there is.

Enter Queene Sanmar, Oniate, Cleantha, Floriana.

And see sh' appeares. How like some heavenly vision
That kills with too much glorie.

Ascanio. Stand still, and wonder with me.

Queene. *Cleantha* ! O the prodigie ! And how
Wilt thou endure his serious face ? Canst thou
Whom nothing tempted but wit parcell guilt
And the last fashion, suffer *Oniate* ?

Clean. Madam ! I undertake him for a pennance:
Perhaps he was enjoyned me.

Queene. It was love
You went to shrift with then. And yet how that
Young wanton idlenesse, should counsell you
To this conversion still is more my riddle.

Clean. The Court is full of wonders Madam: and
Tis handsome to doe things extravagant.

Queen. But how in th' heate of warre, your thoughts should be
So apt for loves impression.

Clean. Love will dance
As nimble to the Trumpet, Fife, or Drum,
As to those many Violins which play
So loud at Court. Moreover it concern'd
My safety. I so streightly was beleig'd
And by so strong a *Caesar*.

Queen. O my Lord
I am inform'd with how fierce a spirit
You doe assault our Ladies.

Sanmar. Pray your mercie,
And if your Majestie will please to banish
The Art of making love quite from the Court,

The Queene of Arragon

He not be out of fashion, of damn'd too much but too little on had only mind

Queen. For your sake I will contrive it so: And good my Lord
Will you begin th' example; you will see
How soone the fine young Lords will follow you.
Your pardon sir, had I but seene your highnesse,
I had not lost so much of language from
A most expressive gratitude.

Ascanio. Madam you pay a triviall debt with too great interest
For how contem'd a slightnesse was my life
Untill imploy'd to serve you?

Florentio. She glanced this way,
And Loves Artillery playd from her eye.
Unhappie banchrout what a Kingdome have
I forfeited? So often in a calme
Some vessell rich in freight and proud in sail,
Doth spring a sudden leake, and sinckes for ever.

Ascanio. But Madam is there hope your heart can yeeld
To an exchange in love? My title's good,
Florentio having given up his claime.

Enter Decastro, &c.

Queen. But sir th' estate is still my owne nor have
I neede to sell it. But **Decastro** here,
And if your Majestie will daigne your presence
Unto the parley 'twill advance the honour
And purpose of our meeting.

Ascanio. I'me your servant.

Queen. My Lord you see how neere the safetie of
Our subjects toucheth us: We can stoop thus
Beneath our Majestic, and enter parley
Even with a Rebell.

Decast. Madam, 'tis in vaine
To hold dispute gainst what you will condemne.
And it were insolence to boast my power,
Or speake my right, now when the hearts of all men
Confirm the justice of my taking Armes.
Cast but your eye on this vast body, which
The Kingdome doth vnder my defence,
And see how ruinous is your error, that
Must leane to forraigne succors!

Queen. Tis a refuge
Your practice forc't me to.

Decast. But would your highnesse
Had lent a gentler ear to his counsell

The Queens of Arragon.

Of him who had no crime but too much love.

Ascanio. My Lord, that word fell rudely from your tongue,
And I may say, unmannerly; 'Tis duty
You owe the Queene.

Decast. Right sir, an humble duty,
Ambitious to expose my life to dangers,
Greater than any other soule dares fancie.

Ascanio. Pray stay *Florention*: this is now my cause,
And I (proud man) will tell you, your great heart
Doth want expansion to receive a love
Worthy her scorn.

Decast. And I will answer you
(Proud Monarch of *Castile*) what mold
Soever Nature casts me in, my mind
Is vaster than your empire. And I can
Love equally with him whose name did Conquer
Kingdomes as large as yours.

Ascanio. Your Majestie
Must licence here my rage, to teach his folly
(Presumptuous folly) a submisse repentance.

Decast. Sir here I stand prepar'd. *A shout within.*
Queen. What noise is that?

Oniate. The Cities all in Mutinie: and vow
To perish in the Lord *Decast*'s cause.
Th' are ready now to lay rude hands upon

The Garrisons of *Castile*. Your Majestie
Should hinder mischief; if you suddenly
Returne, and by your presence stop their furie.

Decast. Pray *Oniate* take this signet: tell
The Magistrats, her Majestie and I
Are now accorded, with a due regard

To th' publique safetie. Take some of my armie
To give authoritie to what you say.
Assure them all is well. *Exit. Oniate.*

Ascanio. What meane this wonder?

Floren. This speakes him Noble even to our envie.

Queen. My Lord in this you have oblig'd us: Pray
Informe us of your thoughts, that we may studdie
To make this parley happie.

Decast. Mighty Lady,
I finde my love hath not beene drest so smooth
To tempt your liking; and I must confesse

My passion (like the spleene of witches) hath
Begot whirlwinds and thunder. *World I might*

Have

The Queene of ARAGON

Have found a softer way t' have wrought my ends.
For by your beauty (the most sacred oath
A Lover can sweare by) that was the marke
The sole faire marke I aim'd at. For if pride
Had overswayd my love, I could have stood
Oth' levell with that Prince, so much your people
Were vowed to my devotion.

Queen. On my Lord,
You fairely speake your vertues.

Decast. And but view
The vastnesse, and good order of my Campe;
Your best townes sworne to runne my fortune, and
Youle say 'twas love did begge this enterview.

Ascanio. My Lord your language cannot fright us from
The Queenes defence.

Decast. Great sir, she needes it not.
Downe on your knees my fellow Souldiers, and
With me bow to your Sovereigne: sweare with me
Never to lift your Arme 'gainst her command.
Thus as your subject. As your Lover thus,
Thus to the earth I fall, and with my lippes
Seale my obedience. *kisseth the ground.*

Queen. Pray rise up my Lord,
Would I could merit thus much favour; but.

Decast. Pardon I interrupt you. But you cannot
Finde love to answer mine; nor will I force it
Be happie in your choise, and wheresoere
You fixe, shine ever glorious. From this houre
Ile never more distube you.

Queen. Now bestrew me,
Me thinkes I feele compassion. Good my Lord
Write in that blanke all your demands, and by
The honour of a Princessse, Ile deny
Nothing you shall insert. *He looks on it and returnes it.*

Decast. There tis agen:
The paper innocent as when you gave it.

Queen. My Lord you have writ nothing.

Decast. And tis nothing
Now I have mist your selfe, I can demand,
Fortune contract thy treasure from all Nations,
And guild it ore with honour and with beauties;
Yet hast thou not the power to force one with
Now I have lost this Lady.

Ascanio. A great spirit.

The Queene of ARRAGON.

Decast. One humble prayer I have which must not be
Denied. And tis your Majestie will give
Me leave neere more to see you.

Queen. O my Lord.

Decast. My vowes irrevocable. I shall secure
Your Kingdome best by absence, and my eye
Will never brooke so rich a treasure made
The purchase of another. To a Cave
Some undiscover'd Cave, to which no path
Doth leade the wandring Lover, I have vowed
The remnant of my dayes.

Enter Offuna.

Floren. A strange conversion,
And 'twill behoove my fate to follow him.

Decast. My Lord *Offuna* here, and I have sworne
Our lives to solitude, which weele observe
Religiously; And since I cannot prove
Possessor Ile be Couqueror in Love.

Ascanio. Pray stay my Lord. Behold *Florentio* there
He hath out donne you. He for love of me,
Hath done what you for love of heaven. All
The interest he had in that bright Queene
He hath resign'd to me.

Decast. He hath payd you for
Your favours.

Floren. Tis confest; what's mine is yours.

Ascanio. Thankes my *Florentio*. For with her my youth
May be still happie, and my age disdain
To know a weakenesse. From her eyes I may
Draw still new vitall heate, and finde what fooles
Have studied for, th' *Elixar*. In her Armes
I may be safe 'gainst all invasion from
Abroad, or civill dangers nurst at home.

Quest. Your highnesse pardon. I confesse how high
Your merits rise in my esteeme, but must not
To honour your deserts, my selfe become
Unworthy after story, blemisht with
That scornewhich still defames our Sex, registered
A most Inconstant woman, or whats much
More infamous; one who reserves her love
To serve her profit, and exposeth it, to the Merchant that bids fairest.

Ascanio. Madam spare that breath to cleere
The ayre when poyson'd by contagion.
I know your setled thoughts, and that my power

Or

The Queene of Arragon.

Or title weighs not in your love. *Florentio*
I will no longer racke you, though the Queene
Beth' onely fire ere warm'd this heart, and I
Despaire ever to love agen; I will
Disdaine to be unjust. I will not be
Orecome in friendship; reassume thy right.

Floren. Sir you undoe me; In your injurie,
I was lesse wretched, like a banckrout, now
Without all hope of payment I must owe.

Ascanio. Th' ambition of my service, and disguise
Was to advance your fortune Madam: Nor
Can I attempt you farther though the conquest
Would wreath my Temples with a prouder Laurell,
Than the addition of the world unto
My Scepter. Be safe in your choise and happie.

Queen. This goodnesse growes even to a Miracle.
In his behalfe sir, I must vow my selfe
A subject, and your servant.

Ascanio. O command
For I have nothing Madam but obedience.
My Kingdome shall be proud to share with yours
In danger, and Ile glory to be stiled
Your Souldier.

Floren. I am lost in wonder. Sir
I know not how to entertaine this blessing
I feare my Joyes will be my ruine.

Decast. Be both happie.
And may time never father that blacke moment
Which shall appeare to your lesse fortunate.

Ascanio. Joynethen your hands for ever: He doth live
Mighty indeed, w'hath power, and will, to give.

Exeunt.

THE

The Queene of ARRAGON.



The Song in the second Act.

Not the Phoenix in his death,
Nor those banckes where violets grow,
And Arabian winds still blow,
Yeeld a perfume like her breath.
But o! Marriage makes the spell:
And tis payson if I smell.

The twin beauties of the skies.
(When the halfe suncke saylors hast,
To rend saile and cut their mast)
Shine not welcome as her eyes.
But those beames, then stormes more blacke,
If they point at me I wracke.

Then for feare of such a fire,
Which kills worse than the long night
Which benumbs the Muscovite:
I must from my life retire.
But o no! for if her eye
Warme me not; I freeze, and dye.



The Song in the fourth Act.

Fine young folly, though you were
That faire beauty I did sweare,
Yet you neere could reach my heart.
For we Courtiers learne at Schoole,
Onely we are sects to foole,
Y^e are not worth the serious part.

When I sigh and kisse your hand,
Crosse my Armes and wondring stand:
Holding parley with your eye,
Then delate on my desires,
Sweare the sunne nere shot such fires,
All is but a handsome lye.

when

The Queene of ARAGON.

when I eye your curle or Lace,
Genile soule you thinke your face
Streight some murder doth commit,
And your virtue doth begin
To grow scrupulous of my sinne,
when I talke to shew my mit.

Therefore Madam we are no cloud
Nor to checke my love grow proud,
For in sooth I much doe doubt
It is the powder in your haire,
Not your breath perfumes the ayre,
And your Cloathes that sets you out.

Yet though trath has this confest,
And I vow I love in lest
when I next begin to Court
And protest an amorous flame,
You will sweare I in earnest am:
Bedlam this is pretty sport.

The Epilogue at Court.

WE have nothing left us but our blushes now
For your much pennance, and though we allow
Our feares no Comfort, since you must appeare
Iudges Corrupt, if not to us severe :
Yet in your Majestic we hope to finde
A mercy; and that our pardon finde.
And how can we despaire you will forgive
Them who would please, when oft offenders live;
And if we have er'd, may not the Curteous say;
Twas not their trade, and but the Authors Play.

The

The Queene of ARRAGON.



The Epilogue at the Fryers.

VVhat shall the Author doe? it madnesse were
To entreat a mercy from you who are severe,
Sterne Iudges and a pardon never give,
For onely merit with you makes things live:
He leaves you therefore to your selves and may,
You gently quit or else condemne the Play,
As in an upright Conscience you will thinke fit,
Your sentence is the life and death of wit.
The Author yet hath one safe plea, that though
A *Middlesex* lury on his play should goe,
They cannot finde themurther wilfull, since
Twas Acted by Command, in his owne defence.

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